THE
NASSAU
MED-
ICAL
JOURNAL
1901

Class LD4627
Book .N3
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

FOWNES'

Famous Grip Driving

GLOVE

U. S. Pat. 548,541, Oct. 22, 1895.

The most practical glove yet invented for retaining a firm hold of the reins.

The Grip is a perfect Riding or Driving Glove, being made on an entirely new principle.

To be obtained of all first-class retailers throughout the country.

ESTABLISHED 1777.

Attaining and Retaining

Are two very different things. Many men *attain* wealth—very few *retain* it. The *best time* to commence retaining wealth is when you are young. One of the *best ways* of retaining wealth is by means of an Endowment Policy in the EQUITABLE. One man who invested in such a policy twenty years ago writes regarding it now, and gives his views in a very ingenious way:

"Twenty years ago, when I took out my Endowment Policy, the premium looked to me like this:

$47.68.

while the Endowment, looked at from a distance of twenty years, appeared like this:

$1,000.

This year my policy matures, and coming just when I need money. The result of my policy looks like this:

$1,467.25.

While looking back and realizing that they are amounts that would be saved in no other way, this is the appearance the premiums have:

$47.68."

If you would like an illustration of such a policy issued at your age, a line to the undersigned will secure it.

THE EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society of the United States

EISELE & KING,

Managers for New Jersey,
Lawyers' Building.
164 Market Street, Newark. N. J.

S. J. KING,
Special Agent.

Wm. H. DIXON

MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES

17 SOUTH NINTH STREET

(Opp. Post Office)

PHILADELPHIA

We import every season about 250 Fancy Suitings, limited to one suit pattern each. If you desire individuality and exclusiveness we can furnish it . . . . .

STYLISH, WELL-MADE GARMENTS AT MODERATE PRICES

CHARLES BOWER

Shirt Maker and Outfitter

30 WEST THIRTIETH STREET - NEW YORK

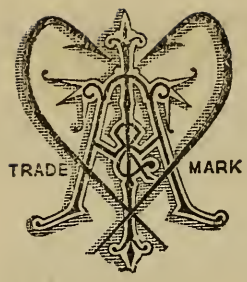
BETWEEN FIFTH AVE. AND BROADWAY

High Grade Shirts Made to Order at Reasonable Prices

A Competent Man Sent to Take Your Measure if Desired

DRESS SHIRTS, $2.50 to $4.50

SCOTCH MADRAS SHIRTS, $3.00 to $4.00



Going Fishing?

In our shop you'll find the right kind of tackle for trout or salmon, or bass or tarpon. We've made fishing tackle since 1820. We know what anglers want.

Write for the "*Illustrated Book of Tackle*," 108 pages and 375 illustrations. If you are an angler, we'll give you the book.

Abbey & Imbrie, 18 Vesey St., New York

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

J. F. NEWMAN

19 JOHN STREET NEW YORK CITY

Badges, Medals

Fraternity and Society Emblems

Exclusive attention given to the finest grades of gold, silver and jeweled work. Designs and estimates on application.

JOSEPH P. FLYNN

THE UNIVERSITY TAILOR

46 NASSAU STREET - PRINCETON

EXCLUSIVE MAKER OF
MEN'S
FINE CUSTOM CLOTHES

Harvey Fisk & Sons

BANKERS

::: AND DEALERS IN :::

United States Government Railroad and Municipal Bonds

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE ACCOUNTS OF RAILROADS AND OTHER CORPORATIONS

NEW YORK
29 NASSAU ST.

BOSTON
19 CONGRESS ST.

PHILADELPHIA
REPRESENTED BY JAMES H. CHAPMAN
421 CHESTNUT STREET

New York Law School

NEW YORK CITY

"Dwight Method" of Instruction

Day School, 35 Nassau Street. **Evening School,** 9 West 18th Street.
Summer School (Eight weeks, June-August), 35 Nassau Street.

Degree of LL.B. after two years' course; of LL.M. after three years' course. Prepares for bar of all States. Number of students for the past year (1899-1900), **775**; of whom **308** were college graduates. The method of study pursued aims to give the student a thorough knowledge of **legal principles** and of the **reasons** upon which they rest, and to render him well equipped for the practice of his profession. The location of the School in the midst of the courts and lawyers' offices affords also an invaluable opportunity to gain a knowledge of court procedure and the practical conduct of affairs.

Send for catalogue explaining Dwight Method, courses of study, etc., to

George Chase, *Dean*, 35 Nassau Street

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

HENRY T. COATES & CO.

1222 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Fine Stationery and Engraving

College Invitations
Fraternity and Society Stationery
Programmes, Menus, etc.
Wedding Invitations and Announcements
Reception Cards
Book Plates
Coats-of-Arms
Monogram and Address Dies
Visiting Cards

DESIGNS AND SAMPLES WILL BE FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION

LUCAS

OF HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON

The Princeton Inn

Princeton, New Jersey

ERECTED BY THE ALUMNI IN 1893

A charming resort situated in a wooded park of seven acres, in the midst of the beautiful University town. Heated throughout with steam and open wood fires.

Special rates for guests staying by the week during fall and winter seasons.

ARTHUR BAVE,
Manager.

Hartford Theological Seminary

Open to College Graduates of all Denominations on Equal Terms

Thorough Training
Ample Equipment
Special Course in Missions and Sunday School Work

Apply to PROFESSOR JACOBUS

Very Sincerely Yours,

Woodrow Wilson

THE

NASSAU HERALD

of the Class of ⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂

NINETEEN-
HUNDRED
AND ONE

OF Princeton University

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

COMMITTEE

HOWARD EDWARDS GANSWORTH
NEW YORK

JOHN LOUIS WELLINGTON
MARYLAND

JOHN LEETE ROGERS
CONNECTICUT

HERBERT RICHARDSON WOODEN
MARYLAND

CLASS DAY, JUNE TENTH

NINETEEN-HUNDRED AND ONE

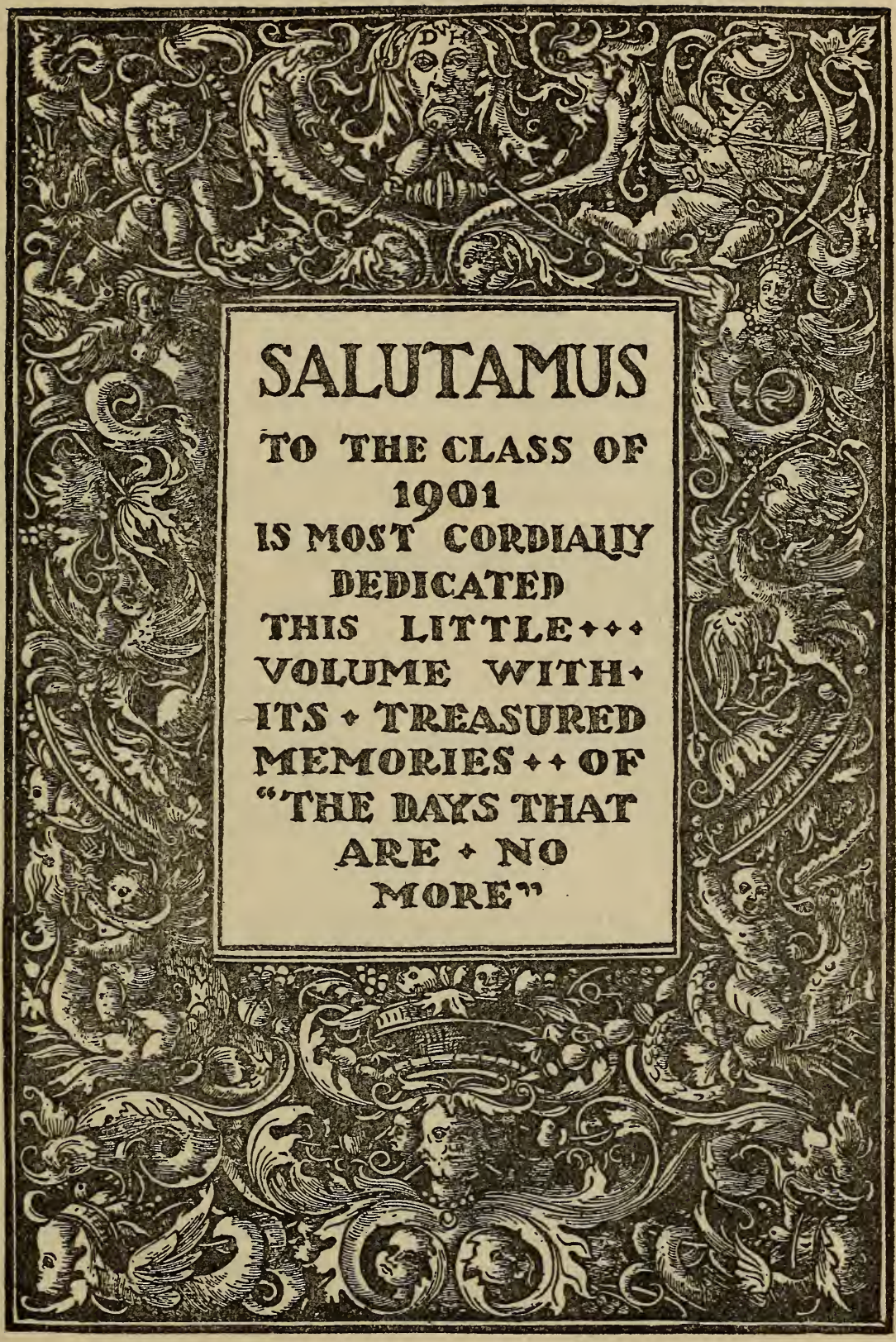
LD 4627
.N3

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS,
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
JUN. 11 1901
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
Mar. 13. 1901
CLASS a XXe. No.
5014
COPY B.

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY THE
1901 NASSAU HERALD COMMITTEE

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

WILLIAMS
SWILKINS
COMPANY
PRESS
BALTIMORE


SALUTAMUS
TO THE CLASS OF
1901
IS MOST CORDIALLY
DEDICATED
THIS LITTLE
VOLUME WITH
ITS TREASURED
MEMORIES OF
"THE DAYS THAT
ARE NO
MORE"

CLASS APPOINTMENTS

James Walker Jameson, N. H. . . . . President.
Allan Vining Duncan, N. Y. . . . . Vice-President.
Frank Latimer Janeway, N. J. . . . . Secretary.
George McKinley Mattis, Ill. . . . . Master of Ceremonies.
Ralph Powell Swofford, Mo. . . . . Class Orator.
Ralph Somerville Thompson, N. Y. . . . . Class Poet.
Edmund James Brady, D. C. . . . . Class Historian.
DeWitt Vermilye Hutchings, N. J. . . . . Ivy Orator.
Stephen French Whitman, N. Y. . . . . Presentation Orator.
Charles Gledhill Meinken, N. Y. . Washington's Birthday Orator.
Robert Service Steen, Pa. . . . . Class of '76 Prize Debater.
Valentine Hummel Berghaus, Jr., N.Y. . . . . Class Prophet.

CLASS DAY COMMITTEE

N. B. Armstrong, Md.
O. K. Badgley, N. J.
L. S. Bartlett, Wis.
A. G. Bartholomew, N. Y.
G. H. Boynton, Ga.
E. T. Casebolt, N. J.
A. D. Childs, N. J.
H. H. Derr, Pa.
J. N. Euwer, O.
O. F. Gardner, Ia.
W. G. Gamble, Mo.
W. R. Gelston, N. Y.
F. J. Hall, Pa.
S. Hamilton, Pa.
W. E. Hope, N. Y.
J. S. Kinne, N. J.
J. R. Pierson, N. J.
B. Ripley, N. J.
H. A. Smith, N. Y.
H. A. Watres, Pa.

NASSAU HERALD COMMITTEE

H. E. Gansworth, N. Y.
J. L. Rogers, Conn.
J. L. Wellington, Md.
H. R. Wooden, Md.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

H. Carter, N. Y.
J. Imbrie, N. J.
C. S. Lawton, Mo.
F. I. Linen, Pa.
G. D. Richards, Ill.

CLASS ODE COMMITTEE

L. J. Matthews, Pa.
A. G. Marr, Pa.
H. M. Saylor, Pa.

Washington's Birthday Oration

George Washington and a Few Others

CHARLES G. MEINKEN

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW CLASSMATES, AND LIFTY LAWTON—It was night and had been for some time; it was also a dark, cold and dismal night in November. No, ladies and gentlemen, this is not a graphic description of Washington crossing the Delaware, as you probably suppose; have patience I beg of you and you shall hear all. Sammy Calhoun had doffed his new uniform and gone home. Princeton was at its evening meal. The students were either at dinner or had just finished. Already a few lights were flickering in Edwards and Witherspoon, whither Capt. Maier had returned immediately after dinner to pole for his conditional exams. and where Pop Glassmeyer was

counting the ill-gotten gains which he had received through the liberality and kindness of one Pat Priest.

The railroad station was dark, for the throbbing, pulsing current of travel had ceased for the nonce (Ev. Crawford was not expected until 9.25—so why need the lights be lit?), when a dark figure might have been seen creeping stealthily through the gateway between Blair and Little. Once through, it turned to the right, paused at the door of one of the entries, and after looking back carefully and stealthily, it entered.

The lights in the halls of Little had been lit since four in the afternoon, possibly to move the individual meters up a few points. Duncan was already hunting up a game, wildly yelling for Cornell. The figure stopped before a certain door, knocked lightly, but receiving no answer, knocked again. No response. The man entered, lit the gas, and sought around for booty, but finding nothing but a copy of the Nassau Literary Magazine, a bill from Charlie Gulick and some orange and black campaign buttons, he was about to beat a hasty retreat when suddenly a man jumped from behind a $9.78 desk. His face wore a determined look, and the thief,—for he was one,—ladies and gentlemen, soon found himself looking down the barrel of a borrowed revolver containing some of Priest's blank cartridges.

"Aha! Aha!" cried the proprietor of the room, "I have found you at last." "And who are you?" cried the man with the lifting tendencies. "I?" cried the brave boy, removing his false mustache and whiskers, "I am Gaylord Hawkins, alias Stillman Hunt, the detective!" It was too bad that fellow was a thief, for he had "the nerve of a Morrow, the smooth tongue of a Lawton, and the physique of a Griswold." Oh, what grand possibilities!

Gee! Gaylord, I wish that had happened to Oom Paul or Findlay instead of to you. Then—— Well you know, Oom, like George Washington, is noted for his truthfulness, and we would have had the true story of the whole affair.

At the inquest which J. Topley held the following day the man was asked what he was doing in Hawkin's room. He replied sadly, "I was looking for a glove stretcher which I intended to sell to Mr. Jameson." One of the bystanders asked

who Mr. Jameson was. The thief, drawing a postal card from his pocket with a surprised air, said, "Is it possible that you do not know 'James Walker Jameson, from the Switzerland of America, alias Antrim, President of the Class of 1901, Manager of the Daily Princetonian, Manager of the 'Varsity Track Team, Editor of the Bric-à-Brac, Member of the 1901 Dance Committee, Hot Willie in General,' a man second in fame and prominence to Lifty Lawton alone, the ex-elevator boy and super in Lohengrin, President of the Cannon Club, Business Manager of the Nassau Literary Magazine, Member of the Photograph and Memorial Committees, bass drummer of the University Drum Corps, door-keeper of the Senior Dance and confidence man in general?"

But I mentioned Oom, didn't I? Well, I will have to tell you about his trip to the Millstone and New Brunswick. I don't suppose you have heard it, so here it is: It seems that during the last Easter vacation, Buck Euwer, Doc McCurdy and Oom Paul (don't those names sound like the names of a bunch of safe-crackers?), in company with Gordon Beaham, conceived the more or less brilliant idea of taking a short trip up the state to a small "inn" or semi-hotel (they call them saloons in New York City), where according to Doc McCurdy, the liquid refreshments dispensed was exceeded in purity and palatability by only one kind, namely, that of the inimitable "Tilly" of Kingston, a close and personal friend of Doc's. Well, they started out in a couple of canoes. To provide against possible illness or faintness on the trip Oom and Gordon had each obtained a large bottle of—well, preventive. Gordon told me where he got his, from Doc Schwarz, I think, anyway, the name began with a D (possibly it was Ducky). On the way up Oom's bottle broke, I think, at any rate, the liquid it had contained had disappeared. The other bottle had been carefully and jealously watched by Buck and Doc. Say, fellows, have you ever noticed how easily a fellow contracts a habit on a trip like this? Well, listen a minute. On the way up the river Buck and Gordon got their signals twisted and over went the canoe. Noble Gordon, putting all thoughts of his own personal safety aside, looked about for somebody

or something to rescue. He immediately perceived that all the fellows could swim, so there was no chance for heroic rescue in that direction; but, alas! the noble bottle could not swim and was sinking fast, for strange to relate it, too, was full. Gordon did a "Brodie" out of the boat that would have made Boo Brower green with envy, disappeared beneath the angry waves, reappeared, and triumphantly bore the object of his search ashore. But strange to relate the others had vanished, whither Gordon did not know, nor was he at that particular time what one might call "a good guesser."

Well, the rest of the crowd went ahead, thinking that Gordon would show up later. The weather being exceedingly warm, the three remaining travellers proceeded to divest themselves of most of their wearing apparel, until at last they reached the festive inn. It was here under this fatal roof that Oom contracted that habit I referred to (would that it had been a riding habit! for he needed it about that time). It seems that mine host in order to draw certain brands of ginger-ale and sparkling cider, was compelled to descend to the cellar each time a round was called for. Ingenious Oom tried the same stunt, but oh, with what fatal results! Once! twice! thrice! did he essay to descend the spiral (?) staircase without being hurried, and the last time, Doc McCurdy, who had been "asleep at the switch," leaning against the "counter" (?) came out of Paterson long enough to say to the Mixologist, "What's that terrible noise I hear back there?" "Oh, that's nothing," replied the knight of the white apron, "that's only Mr. Brokaw falling downstairs."

Do any of you fellows know where Oom Paul or Bob Rice prepped? No? Well, I'd like to find out. Here are a couple of specimens: It seems that Lifty Lawton and Oom were out making a call one night on a certain young lady here in town who both knew and admired Al Granger. Oom handed her a lot of hot air about how well she looked, and for a time the conversation went along pretty smoothly; but finally the young lady, who had been thinking all evening of Al Granger, said, "I hear Mr. Granger's 'fie-ance' was in town last week; is that right?" Oom said "Yes." "Well," continued the young lady, "I wonder what's become of Al, I ain't seen him for an awful

long time." "That's funny," chimed in Oom, "I *ain't* saw him neither." I'm going to see Pat Priest and ask him if that's considered good grammar in St. Louis.

Now for Bob Rice: Didn't all you fellows wonder how Columbia came to beat us last election day? Bob has solved it; yes, he kept it quiet for a time but finally he opened his heart to his room-mate Pierson and said, "Booze (no, he never went to West Point), how could you expect us to win? Just before the game Columbia changed her 'el-IGG-ibility' rules." I guess Bob must have "went to night school." How about it, Robert?

But you must hear about Bob's trip to Elizabeth. You know Booze—by the way, have you heard how John Pierson received that name? Well, I'll tell you. It's because he don't. But that doesn't completely exonerate you, John, for if the thing is true that you told me about Don Morrow, I think you were "real mean" to repeat it (as Gris would say), and if I were Don I could never forgive you. The other day Don stopped in at 6 North Dod on his way back from borrowing a comb, I think it was, from some fellow on the top floor of Brown. John opened the door for him, invited him to be seated and came out of his habitual lethargy long enough to drawl, "Mr. Morrow, to what am I to attribute the honor of this visit?" "Oh!" Don replied, "I just dropped in, I thought you might have something to eat." Wouldn't that G. A. R. you?

But, fellows, now frankly, what do you think of Don? He was staying with some people up in East Orange, I think, and it seems there was a comparatively young boy in the family. Of course Don was good for all night, so he was sitting in the drawing-room exchanging gossip about 9.30 in the evening when the hostess suddenly decided that it was her son's bed-time. The boy had become quite stuck on Don (but, of course, innocent child that he was, he didn't know Don), so he flatly and firmly refused to go to bed, saying that he wished to sit up a while longer and enjoy Don's edifying conversation. The lady in despair called upon Morrow to use his persuasive powers, and what do you suppose Don did? He actually gave the boy five cents to go to bed without crying; then when the child was asleep he took the five cents away from him, and the next morning whipped him for losing it.

But I have wandered from the track slightly, haven't I? I think I started to tell you of Bob Rice's Elizabeth experience. Booze invited him up home for a few days and Bob allowed himself (we all do occasionally) to be enticed to New York. They saw a show there, but some way or another Bob lost his bearings (it must have been the high ba— buildings I guess, you know Bob is from Chicago), and the result was that John and Bob did not board the same train. John reached Elizabeth first and immediately went home, but Bob had not reached there, so John stood on the street talking to the private watchman (it's a good thing to be on the right side of a night watchman; isn't it, John? He shows you where your house is on "foggy nights"). Pretty soon Sir Robert comes speeding up the street, passes John and his friend and walks up the front porch of the "chateau de Pierson" and tries the door; knocks,—no answer,—rings the bell,—no one comes, for all are sleeping soundly, having partaken of "Pierson's Peerless Peaches." At this very interesting juncture the watchman, urged on by John, steps upon the porch much to the dismay and terror of "curly" Robert, and the following scene ensues: Watchman: "Do you live here?" Robert: "No, sir." (Trembles.) Watchman: "Well then what do you want around here?" Robert: "I want to get in." (Robert shakes until all his loose change rattles.) Watchman: "Guess you had better come along with me." Robert: "Let me explain." (Robert's expression is as blank as one of Brigham Young's examination papers. The watchman starts to lead Bob towards the "Irishman's Club House," when Robert catches sight of John leaning against a tree.) Robert: "You ain't going to see me get pinched, are you, Booze?" (Watchman passes away amid the baying of dogs and slamming of doors in the afore-mentioned chateau, and the curtain falls.) Moral: Elizabeth is a very fair place but—take my word for it.

Oh well, after all, Elizabeth isn't such an awful place; take the place Charlie Robbins comes from—Windsor,—pretty name, isn't it? but you ought to see the town! No wonder a hotel of the same name in New York burned down. Slick town that! The time-table of trains for Windsor reminds you of these "at home" cards the ladies send around to their

friends; here's the way it reads: "Windsor—trains stop first and third Wednesday of every month." Whenever there is a wedding over there Charlie has to start a week early or be a week late. I remember the first time I saw, or rather didn't see, Windsor. I was going out to some place in Jersey and the train stopped for about the eighteenth time (to take water I thought) but to my surprise the conductor opened the door and yelled, "Windsor! All out for Windsor!! Only stop in Windsor!!!" I remembered Charlie lived there, so I looked out of the window to see the town, but I couldn't see it,—no, a cow was standing in front of it. But after all is said and done, the town isn't so bad,—it's romantic at least. Let's let it go at that, Charlie, what do you say?

But talking about romance; I thought until about a year ago that every man had a certain amount of romance and sentiment in his composition, but since then I have been convinced to the contrary, and Stoffregen, excuse me, I mean Stauffen, has wrought the change. It appears that Stoff went to Europe a year ago last summer and of course visited Paris. Now we all know that Paris, besides being a great many other things, is very romantic. It seems Stoff took a ride one morning with a friend on top of one of those large busses they tell me they have over there, and happened to be passing the Cathedral of Notre Dame at high noon. The chimes were ringing out and seemed to bring back a flood of associations and historical reminiscences more or less weird and romantic in themselves. Stoff's friend seemed to be very much affected by the majestic sound of the bells and said, "Stauffy, isn't that grand, isn't that sublime, perfectly superb?" "What did you say?" asked Stoff. His friend repeated what he had said and then frowning, Stoff answered, "I can't hear what you say, those damn bells make such a racket." Again I say wouldn't that vex you? That remark would have been worthy of a "narrow-minded" man like Hoot Taylor. If you don't believe he's narrow-minded, put him up, but make him keep his hat off. Never mind, Hoot, you may be Scotch all right but you are not so "German" with the "long green" as someone else I know and his name is Jimmie Imbrie. This is what Jimmie wrote one night while he was all alone about a week after the

Junior Prom. (Jimmie thinks he destroyed the paper but he didn't.) Listen:

JUNIOR PROM.

Inn	$22.
Box	12.50
Cab	5.
Tickets	6.
Concert	4.50
Carriage	3.
Tea	3.
Board	6.
	$62.00

"IS IT WORTH IT?"

But I have a few other papers here also; here's a telegram from John McCurdy to "Bath-house" John Euwer,—but say, before I read it I want to ask you if you have ever seen McCurdy give his excellent imitation of a schooner going into a "dry Doc?" Well it's great. Here's the wire:

"To Mr. John Euwer, 12 North West, Princeton, N. J. (collect charges, 25c.) Wire us fifteen dollars Imperial immediately, please; badly fixed. Doc McCurdy."

Doc, here is the moral: When coming from home to Princeton, do not take advantage of stop-over privileges either at New York or "Berlin." Learn from Schuyler Smith, Doc, and aim higher; you know what Schuyler says, "My ambition is to be a social success." Don't blush, Schuyler, we are not discussing who is likeliest to be chosen the handsomest man in the class, and besides Gris blushes more prettily than you do, don't you, Gris? And also, Schuyler, you'll have to get up early in the morning to win out from Lyn Dickinson. Listen to this from the Bayhead paper: "Mr. Lynford Dickinson has won quite a reputation as a society man this summer. As a leader of cotillions his reputation is such that a german is not considered complete without him."

But that brings me up to Gris, and I intend to expose him here before you all. You know last year Gris was conducting religious services out in Kingston or Rocky Hill, I believe, and one afternoon an enthusiastic revival was under way. Of

course Latta was "wielding the baton" when a sailor "off some good ship" happened to "tack" in. Notice I said "tack" for he had been calling on Doc's friend over there. He "came about" in the front pew and let go his anchor, stuck his hands deep down in his trousers pockets and proceeded to court sleep. Gris however had singled him out for a likely convert and directed his eloquent and moving harangue directly at the sailor. Would you believe it, in three minutes Gris had him converted and the sea-farer was relating his experiences and how he had become converted. After this interesting recital he sat down again, plunged his hands into his pockets and seemed to enjoy the stir he had created. Gris, flushed with joy and victory, leaned over and said to him, "And now, my good man, do you feel any change?" And he replied, "Not a damn cent."

I'll wager Dittie Hutch never had that experience although he has been more widely advertised than Latta. Mark: "EXTRA.—D. V. HUTCHINGS, the crack third baseman of the Princeton 'Varsity Baseball Team will speak to BOYS, Y. M. C. A., Sunday, January 27, 4.15 P. M. You will be CAPTURED by the musical selections of the First Baptist Ladies' Quartette, Boys' Orchestra and the Cornet and Trombone Duets. EXTRA."

But Smylie Kinne and Doc did have the choicest experience in Paterson. Don't blame you for dodging, Smylie. This happened in Sophomore year, I believe. Doc went up to stay with Smylie and attended some very swell function. On the way home a friend of Smylie's invited them over to have some "hot chocolate" or something of that kind, as it was very cold. Here history leaves us in the dark. What we would like to know is: Did or did not Kinne's friend administer chloral? When you have heard all, you will believe with me that he did. When Doc and Smylie reached the house, Smylie suddenly discovered that he had forgotten his keys. A council of war was held and it was decided to try entering the side window by way of the porch. Smylie tried it but to no purpose. Then Doc's Youngstown chivalry asserted itself and he attempted the perilous feat, but could not quite reach the roof of the porch. Three times did Doc try his best to reach the

coveted roof, but, by the fourth time, it became evident that, if getting into the house depended on Doc's reaching the window, they would have to spend the night camping on the porch. Doc recited "Welcome Boys to Sweitzer's Home" three times in rapid succession in order to keep his temper, and then prepared for a fifth, and what proved to be a final trial. This time Doc mounted the railing, poised himself carefully for a moment and then gave one mighty leap. The roof, however, refused to be grasped and Doc met the floor of the porch coming up. Smylie had just begun a speech on "clumsy people" when the window was thrown up and Dr. Kinne leaned forth to see what the trouble was. Smylie asked his father to come down and let him in, which of course he did. "What's the matter, boys?" was his query upon opening the door. Smylie was for keeping mum, but Doc murmured something about "spiked hot chocolate" and it appears that the Doctor diagnosed their respective though similar cases correctly. "My son," said the Doctor, "come into the library a moment, I wish to have a word with you." Smylie smilingly aquiesced, but not wishing to enjoy his father's little discourse alone, turned about to invite Doc to come in also, but Doc was already half-way up the stairs and, turning about to Smylie with a patronizing air, he said, "No, thank you, Smylie, old smellow, I'm going to bed." The first thing Doc said on awakening next morning was, "They never did me that way out at 'Dear Old Sweitzer's Home.'"

That reminds me of Steve Plum's adventure in Newark. Well, Steve went home for the Christmas holidays intent upon having a good time. Upon Steve's arrival in Newark some of his friends held a "Garfield Tea" to celebrate his advent. This, understand, happened in Newark and not in Paterson as the finale might suggest. The tea certainly did do Steve "a world of good" and "brought him right out." He wended his weary way homeward in "high spirits" but it was a long way to his house, so that by the time he reached there he was very tired. However, upon opening the house door he was very much dismayed to see a large tree confronting him. (It was a Christmas tree which had been erected and partially trimmed for Steve's younger brother.) Steve, as I said, being very

tired, sat down under the tree to rest awhile and fell fast asleep, and it was here two hours later that Steve's father found his son sobbing aloud as though his heart were breaking, "Isn't it awful to be lost in the woods on a cold, cold night like this?"

But there are others! From Newark, too. Now take Phin Jones, for instance. In the first place you know that Phin was always chivalrous and this little tale I am going to tell only goes to prove it. One balmy summer night Phin made a call in a rather quiet section of Newark. It was rather late when Phin finally broke away and started homeward, consequently we can well imagine his surprise at seeing a young lady without an escort about fifteen feet ahead of him. (Phin said afterwards that there was something familiar about her walk but at this particular time he did not recognize it.) His chivalrous spirit kept urging him on to overtake the young lady and ask her if he could be of any service to her. He finally did muster up courage enough, and, increasing his pace, he bowed very politely, and was about to use some neatly turned phrase when to his surprise who should turn a smiling countenance upon him but his own cook!! No wonder that at breakfast next morning Phin's coffee was poor and his toast overdone.

But you got off easy, Phin. Did you ever hear about Buck Mellinger's experience in Trenton? Well the conditions were about the same as in Phin's case, but Buck had more nerve; he walked up to the young lady, proffering his aid, and upon receiving a very pleasant smile and bow, started walking with her. Buck made some commonplace remarks about the weather, the prejudice of the Trentonians against the Princeton students, and in fact a lot of talk which is commonly known as "hot air." But never a word spake the lady. No answer could Buck elicit from her. No, my hearers, the poor girl was deaf and dumb. I'll wager Buck was flustered a bit when he found it out.

Did I say I would wager? No, I'll take that back, Cornell might take me up. He's one of those men that will bet on anything. Why, he'll come up to you without any warning with some such proposition as this: "I'll bet you ten it rains to-morrow. No! you won't bet? Well, I'll bet you ten it don't rain to-morrow." Just for the sake of a bet, you know. When

he sees a horse fall down in the street he'll bet anyone the horse will never get up again. But the best one on Corny is the little episode he figured in just before he came down to college in Freshman year. It seems Corny was pretty sick, in fact at one time his friends entertained grave fears for his life. One night in particular he was very low, so low in fact that a minister was called in to comfort him in what were then thought to be his last moments. The reverend gentleman chanced to be a very bright and interesting talker and almost before Corny knew where he was, he was deeply absorbed in the account of the "hereafter," and was asking innumerable questions. The following dialogue then ensued:

"Do you think I am going to die?" asked Corny.

"I am afraid you are," answered his reverence.

"Will I go to heaven, do you think?"

"Yes."

"Will I have wings?"

"Most certainly."

"Do you think you will go to heaven, too?"

"I think so."

"Will you have wings, too?"

"Of course."

"Well," said Corny, reaching under his pillow with an apparent effort and producing a large roll of greenbacks, "I'll just bet you twenty-five I'll beat you flying."

But I know a man who will not bet and his name is Dana. Why, do you know that every time Davy spends a penny the Indian on the said penny utters an audible squeak. I distinctly remember one Saturday afternoon in Sophomore year, when we were to play a game of football. Davy met Berghaus on Nassau Street in the morning and said: "Say, Bergie, lend me 35 cents to go to the football game this afternoon. I have just a thousand dollars even in the bank and I don't want to touch it." But that's not the worst. For the last six weeks Davy has been soliciting votes for George Yuengling for "class baby." He's so afraid he'll get it himself.

Talking about Nassau Herald elections, it looks at the present time as though Sam Dodd had one position "cinched." I roomed in the same house in which Sam did in Freshman year

and, after I had known him about two weeks, we had a little heart-to-heart talk in his room. Just as a matter of course I said, "Sam, have you any brothers or sisters?" "Yes," answered Sam, "I have two sisters and one brother, but I don't like one of my sisters a bit because every time I go up home to Newark, she makes me clean my finger nails."

When the list of Nassau Herald questions was distributed, Sam filled in the blanks, all but one, and that one was: What is your favorite toilet soap? Sam thought over it awhile and then said, "What's that stuff?"

He'll never change. I used to believe with Dr. Munyon that "There is hope," but I've just about given up. But say, perhaps Laury Benson hasn't changed since Freshman year. Have you noticed it? Too bad we didn't have a presidential election in Freshman year, then Laury could have toured the country with Water Fort as the living example of the "Full Dinner Pail."

A remarkable change has also occurred in Whitman. In Sophomore year he came around to my room one night with tears in his eyes and begged of me, on his bended knees, to allow him to sleep in my room, for he said, "Don and Pete are down at Scuds." And now he comes around and begs me to go to New York with him.

Just goes to show how we all differ as to what is, and what is not a good time. Now take Billy Gelston, more popularly known as "Bilious Billy, the Beau Brummel of Bedford Boulevard and Brooklyn Bridge," and his idea of a good time. One night he invited Scrappy Erben over to his house to take dinner. After dinner Billy says to George: "Scrappy, Brooklyn has been ridiculed and all that, but, nevertheless, I'm going to take you out to-night and show you some real good sport," and forthwith he proceeded to take Erben to a strawberry festival. Now don't, Vondy, don't laugh at that, listen to this one, it's real funny. Have you fellows heard how it happened that Mellin Matthews became engaged? Mellin took his friend to the theatre one night in Philadelphia. I think the play was called "Because She Loved Him So." After the theatre, of course, "eats" were in order, so down they went to Boothby's. Mellin asked the young lady what she was going to eat, and

as she couldn't decide, he thought he would offer some suggestions. After lengthy deliberation, he finally blurted out, "Well, will you have a lobster?" The young lady blushed painfully and said, "Oh! Lou, this is so sudden." Quite a position to be in but not as bad as the one in which Hungry Willis found himself placed on that memorable night during the Christmas trip of the Glee Club, when he was forced to sing "How Would You Like to be the Ice-Man?"

I wanted to tell you something about Mac Huey, he of the frappéed feet, but I really can't tell you a good one because he came to me the other day and put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Now, honestly, Charlie, have you any tale to tell on me on Washington's Birthday?" I told him I had none, and he added, "The reason I asked you was because I intend to have a young lady friend down here on that day, and I thought I'd better write her not to come if you had anything to say about me." But I'd just like to say this much in regard to Mac, we were not all so lucky as to have Slim Crowdis protect us from being hazed in Freshman year.

Talking about Freshman year, you fellows must get Johnny McWilliams, "the Chicago fire-bug," to tell you how he subscribed for the Lit. Johnny hid under his window seat when he heard the Lit. men ascending the stairs, but when they reached his room Johnny lost his nerve, came out of his hiding place and, with knees quaking and teeth chattering, shouted, "I'll take it! I'll take it!"

But just think of Bart before he entered college. You know he prepped at Lawrenceville. Well, one day he came over here to Princeton with some friends and spent the afternoon in "The Blue Room" of the now justly famous East End House, where as you all know there is a man named Ducky as silent partner. It was seven o'clock before the party finally decided to go back to Lawrenceville to attend a dance which was billed for that evening. Just as Bart stepped up on the porch, a very charming young lady with whom he was slightly acquainted came out from the ball-room. Now Bart knew that—well, that he hadn't been eating Sen-Sen, so he stood and talked with the young lady with his hat held closely to his face. What was Bart's surprise when, after

carrying on a more or less animated conversation for ten or more minutes, he heard the girl say: "Never mind holding your hat to your face any longer, Mr. Bartlett, I'm used to it now."

Vincent Findlay is the only man I know that could have done that and not queered himself, for you know Vincent says, "I have the finest shape in college except my legs, and one of those even isn't so bad." He forgot to add that he had less nerve than anyone else in Princeton.

But speaking of lost nerve, Capt. Maier certainly holds the palm. At Christmas time in Freshman year Cap thought he would like to take a look in at the "Giddy Whirl" in New York City. Some kind (?) friend volunteered to pilot him through the snares of Jersey City safely to the metropolis. When, however, they reached Jersey City, by some error Cap's friend boarded a Courtlandt Street boat and Cap got on one of the Twenty-third Street boats. Cap searched high and low for his friend, but there was "nothing transpiring;" so he reached New York alone, just think of it, all alone. Well, he thought he'd make the best of it, so when the boat was safely docked Cap put on a bold front and walked proudly out of the ferry-house into the street. He was instantly "buttonholed" by numerous cabbies, expressmen, and the like, and this, coupled with the noise of the car gongs and the jingling of bells, gave Cap a terrible attack of "cold feet." He rushed back upon the ferry-boat, returned to Princeton, and to this day he has not ventured outside of its learned boundaries.

It would have been a good thing for Carl Lawton if he had had the same experience, at least, the last time he went to New York. Just let me whisper something to you all. I was up in New York last week and happened to be passing the "Undergraduate Club" when, by chance, I overheard a conversation between two painted and perfumed ladies, wearing large picture hats and "auto" coats. One of them said, "I was reading the other day of a girl who got a pearl out of an oyster." "That's nothing," said the other, "I got a Lit. pin out of a lobster." Don't blush, Lifty.

Isn't that enough to make Foxy Grandpa Richards pull his hair? You notice I said "hair," not "hairs." By the way, did

you ever see Dicky pull his hair? Well, he does it just like a girl pulling the petals out of a daisy, saying the while, "He loves me, he loves me not."

That tale on Lawton is about as bad as the one I've heard told on Dog Harris. You know Dog lives in Trenton, but just forget that a minute and I'll tell you how he behaved at a very swell social function. It seems Harris received a bid for a five o'clock tea-fight to be held at some house on West Hanover Street. Something had happened during the day to make the Dog a trifle cross, but this of course did not appear until the tea was under way. Just think, Dog walked up to a girl and said in the gruffest voice he could command, "Who brung you?" and then capped the climax when, as the hostess was "pouring," he said, with a seemingly surprised air, "What's the matter—ain't you got no meat?" Guess the Dog must have prepped with Bob Rice and Paul Brokaw.

Last but by no means least we come to Benny Akin. I happened to meet a Western girl last summer in the Adirondacks who, upon learning that I was a Princeton man, asked me if I knew a "Mr. Akin" in the Senior Class. I said there were two men of that name in the class and I asked her which one she meant. She replied: "Oh, you can't mistake me, the one I mean looks like the newspaper pictures of Teddy Roosevelt." But say, Benny, shall I tell about the time you visited Don Morrow? No! I think I had better not. Well, I don't know—I think I shall. Benny went up to stay with Don at Christmas time in Junior year, and one evening he and Don were invited to a dance, but just before the dance—I can't go on, Benny, but just let me give you a tip the next time you go up there—get a tuxedo.

I am almost through, ladies and gentlemen, but there are still a few things the University at large would like to know:

Why Jack Frazer and Bill Petty didn't put that candle out in Trenton?

What Water Fort did with a certain half term's allowance?

The explanation of the absence of Eddie Clausen and Guy Gamble from the Senior parade.

Why Hugh Miller didn't drive with two hands when he was sleigh-riding in Philadelphia?

How Smylie Kinne sprained his ankle?

From whom Bert Ripley received the following:

"My love for thee lies in my heart
Too deep for words to tell?"

Why Ray Little wears such short sleeves in his tennis shirt?

What Dicky Dwight did with that high-wheel that used to be in the basement of Old North?

Where Hungry Willis got that golf suit, that shawl and that tame skunk?

Ladies and Gentlemen—The more observant of you have probably noticed that I have said very little about G. Washington, otherwise known as "The Father of his Country." You know George's only claim to fame was that "little hatchet" affair. Now we have Mrs. Nation who appears, at present at least, to have the immortal "George backed off the board." For that reason I have refrained from mentioning our first President. That's all.

CLASS
DAY
Wellington '01

Salutatory

GEORGE McKINLEY MATTIS

AT THE END of four of the happiest years which it may be in the power of the Fates to grant, we are gathered here this morning to record the closing chapter of our undergraduate days. I dare say that there are few of us who would not wish that this day, despite its reward and gratification, might be indefinitely postponed.

To those assembled here this morning, friends and relatives of ours, and all friends of Princeton, we extend the warmest and heartiest of welcomes. We know that you will unite with us in the spirit of this day. It will be our most earnest endeavor to entertain you as the welcomed guests of the Class of 1901.

At these exercises we will introduce to you our representative men, those who have worked hard and succeeded nobly. They, I am sure, will most ably illustrate the attainments of our academic life.

When we have completed this part of the program, we invite you to be present at the planting of our class ivy. Need we ask that your prayers be joined with ours for its steady growth and strength—that its branches may in due time cover in their embrace the historic walls of Old North, in fitting symbol of the love we bear our Alma Mater?

This afternoon we shall bring before you a lighter vein of our college experience. You will hear stories and jokes which you may believe or not as you wish. We beg, however, that you will not delve too deeply for cause and effect. You will listen to the carefully recorded events of our Class History, to the address of our President and, then, when we shall have

sung our Class Ode and smoked the farewell pipe, the curtain will be rung down.

And, lastly, for those whom God in His Providence has taken from our midst, with the saddest of hearts, we voice a universal tenderest regret.

In closing my brief part of the program, let me again extend to you all, in behalf of the Class, a most hearty welcome to the graduation exercises of the Class of Nineteen-Hundred-and-One.

Class Day Oration

RALPH POWELL SWOFFORD

MY FELLOW CLASSMATES—Our voyage together over the calm, untroubled sea of college life is over; we have brought the good ship '01 safely into harbor, and now before we say farewell forever, let us look back over the course we have come, over those days of work and pleasure, those moonlit nights of song and good fellowship and pass along a common word of cheer before we separate into the diverging pathways which lie before us. No words of mine could express the sorrow which we feel at this time; and we must turn our minds from such thoughts to the bright prospect of a life built upon the foundation which we have laid here and about whose grim stones, like winter ivy, ever green, will twine the sacred memories of these college days.

When we think seriously of our life here, we wonder what it has given us, beyond the best of friends and a rambling tour into great intellectual fields. Princeton has not made us ministers, or lawyers, or doctors, or business men. We find ourselves at the gateway of a new world of knowledge. We see before us years of special labor in our chosen professions. What is it that we have received here which we could not have obtained elsewhere? What is it that Princeton bestows upon her sons which influences their future far more than the mere learning which she gives them?

You will all agree with me, I know, that it is the *spirit* of Princeton life and Princeton culture. Education is a broad and general term; the learning obtained by candle light in a garret-room may be the greatest in the world, and the education given a man at another college may prove infinitely superior to that

which any of us has received at Princeton. But we must not judge institutions of learning by exceptional cases nor by the erudition which they impart. It is the spirit of work hovering over each campus that individualizes a university; and it is this spirit unconsciously assimilated by every student which molds his character and thus shapes the rudder of his life. To-day, in this age of academic compromise and adjustment to the need of business competition, many an American university is putting aside the educational spirit which guided it in the past for one better suited, perhaps, to the needs of present-day life, but failing to inspire in the men whom it influences true culture, true character, high ideals and a correct knowledge of life. My fellow classmates, Princeton has been loyal to herself. The spirit which you feel throbbing in your hearts to-day is no transient and material thing. It is far deeper, more vital, more fundamental, as conservative Princeton, with her small numbers, has been more powerful, more influential and more progressive than the universities whose chief claim for distinction is that they are abreast of the times.

The spirit of Princeton teaches first of all loyalty and reverence for the past. The storms of a hundred and fifty winters have beaten against the brown stones of Nassau Hall. The giant elms of the campus, typical of the University itself, each spring putting forth their leaves anew, draw their life's blood from roots deep down in the soil of a past century. So it is with Princeton; upon the moral and political principles of another age were laid the foundation stones of the present magnificent structure. The filial pride which we feel in the Princeton of the present is but an off-shoot of our reverence for the Princeton of the past.

To speak of such loyalty to-day, in a world apparently unconscious of its true relation to history, rushing headlong in wild pursuit of material prosperity without compass or guide, is like lisping in a foreign tongue. The dawn-light of a new century was saluted by the armies of civilization marching to the conquest of savage lands. The Class of Nineteen-Hundred-and-One steps into active life amid the crash and ruin of old ideas and principles. Are we to fall behind in this onward rush? Must our reverence for the past put us in the rear,

CLASS APPOINTMENTS

stumbling along with our faces turned backward? University men have answered that question in the past by becoming the standard bearers of progress. But to-day the world needs to realize more than ever before that all true progress, all lasting advancement must conform to the great moral principles of the race. High culture and civilization may make a nation great, they cannot make it permanent. The waves of intellectualism have swept high in the past, only to fall and dash into foam upon the eternal rocks of human life. Civilization is, in fact, but the more general acceptance of certain moral ideas, as old as the race itself. Upon such principles Princeton was founded, and upon them also, America herself. Are they to be forgotten and neglected now? To remain loyal to them is to possess a conservatism which is not only wise but absolutely essential for the welfare of the nation,—a conservatism as broad-minded as humanity itself, a conservatism retrospective and consistent, yet keenly alive to the possibilities of the race. It is this spirit which we must carry into the world. We must preach it in the pulpit and in every walk of life, in the quiet of the sanctuary and in the busy mart of trade. We must be preachers by our lives, holding up to other men the old truths "which they know so well by ear but so little by heart."

From the very foundation of the Republic each generation has discussed for itself the practical value of a higher collegiate education. But to-day far more important and vital questions are asked. Is college culture striking at the root of our democracy? Is it tending to destroy our patriotism? Does it allow men with a filigree of culture to set themselves above their fellow men and refuse to take an active part in public life? These questions are asked of our universities, and we must answer them, not by words, but by action. Because we have here sifted the theories of government; because we are able to discover faults in our own system in the light of ideal commonwealths, we are not justified on this account to subside into a critical inactivity. My fellow classmates, patriotism means work, not criticism. If we are dissatisfied with America as it is, if we desire affairs managed differently, then we must put our shoulders to the wheel and push! Outside in the world are millions of men whose only guide in life has been the necessity

of making a living. They have not been educated as we have been to keep down the beast within. And it is when such men are given free range that the standard of moral life is lowered. We must be the leaders of these men; it is for us to build up in them the moral character which alone makes a true and noble citizen. We cannot do this by setting ourselves above them; it is only by feeling the throb of human brotherhood in our hearts and the voice of America calling to us.

This spirit of true patriotism among educated men is born of a simple and unaffected culture; it is the child of "sweetness and light." The extravagance of our age, the rush for social position, the desire for wealth, is driving out the spirit of service and creating in our midst that selfishness, which is not only the basis of all political corruption but, in an aggravated and highly developed form, the chief danger of every republic. It is a curious fact, clearly shown by religious statistics, that in a wealthy and material country the minds of the people turn to higher thoughts only in times of great business depression; and de Tocqueville, years ago, pointed out that men of fortune soon become dissatisfied to be classed with the general run of their fellow citizens. But if America is to realize her highest aims, she must ever be a country of the common people,—common, not from inferior culture and ideals, but from an all-pervading sense of brotherhood and individual responsibility. With all our optimism, we cannot deny the fact that extravagance and selfishness have become serious and dangerous problems. They are fast undermining the national character; and upon true national character alone is based honest and patriotic citizenship. Has this spirit cast its gloomy spell upon our universities, where of all places men should take unto themselves high ideals of life? We cannot speak for other places, but we know that the customs of Princeton have not as yet been changed by worldly considerations. We exemplify the spirit of brotherhood in our college lives, and the freedom from affectation and social requirements breathes in us that simplicity, and true democratic spirit which the world so needs to-day.

These are the ingredients of Princeton culture—reverence for the past, true patriotism, simplicity of life and desires. It

is a culture which measures success by a higher standard than mere dollars and cents, a culture proud of the fact that college men do not stand in the front of the selfish competition of the age; it is an active, democratic, open-handed, every-day culture. The parlor refinement which some people put on with their dress suits and forget when at work in their shirt sleeves will never eradicate the sordid element from American life. We, at the end of our college course, are just beginning to feel the true meaning of this spirit. It will become an active force in our lives when it has been tempered by temptation, by contact with the world. It is the greatest thing which Princeton can give; if we do not feel it, if we do not let it guide us, if we put it aside to pursue the things that crumble in our hands, we are selling our birthright for a mess of pottage.

Princeton spirit! My fellow classmates, as I stand here this morning, I can think of no more potent and encouraging words of inspiration than to describe to you the pictures which those two words bring to my mind. I see in the great world about me, in the every-day walks of life, men living noble lives in the fear of God and in the love of their fellow men. I see in the halls of Congress and in the Legislatures of the different States, men, conservative and patriotic, writing Princeton across the statute books of the nation. In the islands of the sea, and beneath the noonday sun of the tropics, where races live in the darkness of ignorance and savagery, I see men of by-gone classes offering their lives to spread the gospel of Christianity. In a far-off archipelago, where blue-coated men have gone to die for their country and for civilization, the moonlight is glistening upon the tents of an encamped army, and from a group of soldiers gathered there float upward into the still night the old songs which we sing in the gloaming upon the steps of Nassau Hall. That is Princeton,—world-wide, active and eternal. Into that brotherhood we are now going. A thousand hands are reached out to aid and welcome, a mighty voice is ready and eager to shout our names when we have made them worthy. With such a spirit in our hearts and such examples to inspire us we cannot but prove loyal sons to the mother of us all.

Class Poem

RALPH S. THOMPSON

Across the Western hills of gold,
What time the Mississippi rolled
'Twixt flowered banks and wooded wold,
    Through valleys wildly fair;
Before the cruel hand of man
Had scarred the world with fire and ban,
Before the fields with crimson ran,
    Or love knew death's despair;

There dwelt a race of godlike men,
Whose hearts could all God's goodness ken,
Whose lives were pure as dreams are, when
    The soul of love awakes.
And like a dream unto them came
A spirit whose immortal name
Swept back all doubt of fear or shame
    As dawn through darkness breaks.

For like some glorious ideal
He led them on through woe and weal,
While ever like a clarion peal
    Rang back his magic song,
Through valleys where the shadows deep
Bade pain and sorrow pause and sleep,
Through meadows where with laugh and leap
    The sun-sprites danced along.

And ever as their hearts grew glad
With dreamless longings bitter sad,
Sweet visions, as of heaven, bade
    Them onward evermore.
And so through years that seemed but days
They wandered down the flowered ways
Of lands whose beauties like a maze
    Spread ever on before.

Until one eve, when God and love
Seemed blended in a glory of
Pale iridescent dreams, above
The flushed, adoring sun;
In that still hour when every air
Seems laden with a lover's prayer,
And sleep draws fast his silken snare
Round worlds from daylight won;

They came unto a lake that lay
In golden coils across their way,
Pearl-wreathed, with amaranthine spray
Tossed high in jeweled showers.
And as they wondered, lo, their guide
Stood godlike by the water side,
No spirit-dream but deified
With full immortal powers.

And right and left the waters fell
Before the magic of his spell,
As down into their emerald dell
The great god strode along.
Onward he went, nor tarried till
He reached the summit of yon hill,
Then turned, the waiting world to fill
With one undying song.

The sunset clouds a halo cast
Around him, as against the vast
With myriad angels round him massed
He towered, aloof, alone.
And then as toward that splendid height
Leapt up the eager shades of night,
These words rang back—"My love shall light
You onward to your own."

And with that cry the listening lake
Into a mighty torrent brake,
Which downward dashed and foamed to take
The way his feet had trod.
And night from out of chaos whirled,
While on and on the waters hurled
As though to banish from the world
All memory of a god.

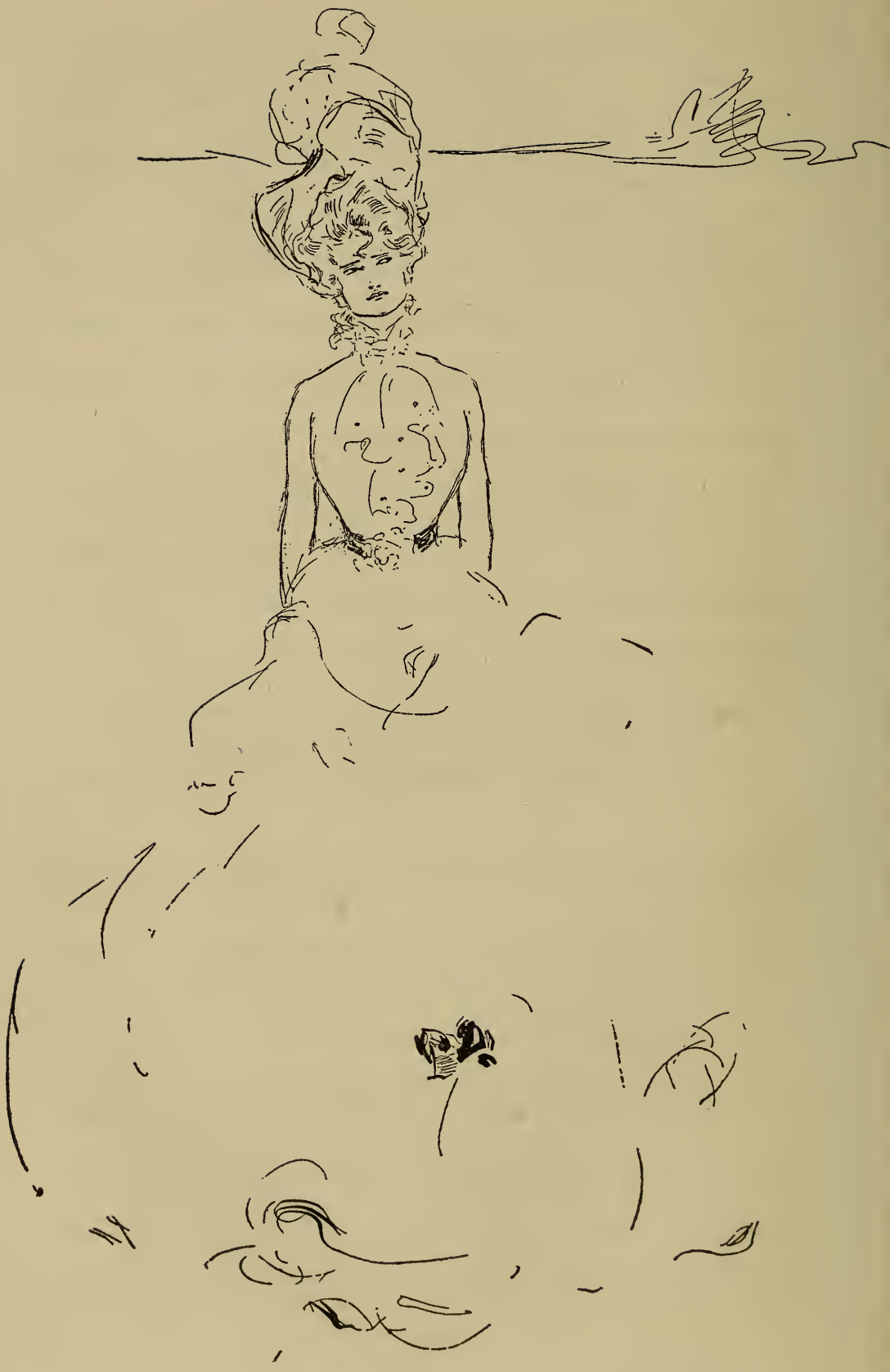
When came the chill drear dawn it showed
A cañon where the river flowed
To guard for aye the sacred road
Whereby their god had gone.
And still his eager people wait
For him to burst that sunset gate,
And through the mystic bars of Fate
To lead them ever on.

* * * * * * * *

Comrades, in the days of our blindness, ere the spirit of dreams had come,
We toiled for a prize we desired not, with spirits unnurtured and numb.
Then he came, the great-hearted, the master, the god of our dream and our songs,
And he led us through regions made splendid with Fancy's tumultuous throngs.
Our hearts were athrill with life's music, the wild dithyrambics of youth,
As we whirled through the fields of the present, toward the ultimate summits of Truth.
We have laughed, sung and worked in the sunshine with never a sorrow to mar
The riotous joys of the Springtime—the freedom of things as they are.

But now must he leave us, the master, to falter and follow and win
Through the passionate frenzy of battle, and the gloomy despairings of sin,—
Aye! win to the kingdom eternal, to the glorious land of our dreams,
When the shades of disastrous failure are scattered by victory's beams.
And there, in the hush of the sunset, he will come to his dreams again—
Our god of the perfect fulfillment, our master of masterless men.
And we'll turn from the dreams that have faded to the joy of the olden time,
As he lifts us through mists that have gathered from marshes of lust and of crime.
We'll turn to the shimmering sunlight, with the pride of new hope in our eyes,
And the faith of our youth in the winning of life's most provocative prize.

And now as he lingers and watches, ere he turns to his kingdom again,
Smile back! though to-night we are dreamers, to-morrow and aye we are men.
The shadows leap up o'er the mountain, our master—our guide—is a name,
And only the songs of our boyhood lead on toward the portal of Fame.
Lock step! ere the night is upon us, shout back the old songs that we love!
For the world of our dreams is before us, and the God of our dreams is above.



Ivy Oration

DeWITT VERMILYE HUTCHINGS

FELLOWS—We ought to be very happy to-day. Our boyhood is ended. We stand here men. Till now we have been laying foundations. To-day those are completed. This campus world is about to give place to the real one and our life of quiet is to change into action. Here we have been gaining our strength, there is the conflict to test it; here our minds have been trained, there we are to prove the worth of that training. To-day we face life. The time has come for us to show what is in us. The chance is ours to convince the world of our manliness. Therefore we have reason to be glad.

What do we not owe Princeton for what we are to-day? Through four years has she worked for us, sharing freely all we would take of herself. Under her teaching we have learned the value of education, of culture, of knowledge. Contact with her has made us seek new and nobler ideals. Her training has enabled us to think for ourselves. She has taught us the gospel of work and has given us friendships which will never be broken. In heart, in mind, and in conscience we are men, and this campus has seen us become so.

But better than all her other gifts has been that of the Princeton spirit. None of us appreciates fully its value and although we have known it long we see in it each day something new. Those to whom it is yet a closed book are indeed to be pitied. It is the spirit which breathes in the Honor System, the spirit which makes our athletic teams win, or losing, lose pluckily, the spirit seen when we cheer a team which has lost, or when we are singing "Old Nassau." Its essence is manliness; it stands for honesty, courage, perseverance, and loyalty;

it decries anything underhanded, and it calls for uncomplaining work. Let the Princeton spirit be a force in our lives and they will be of worth, for it venerates the truths of religion and these give life its greatest power.

Princeton found us in the rough. She has carved us into men, full-grown in body and in mind, able to bear whatever the future may bring. We can repay her only by living as she would have us live, by making the Princeton spirit part of our nature, by doing only our best. He will be least worthy of what this place has meant to us who gives Princeton cause to blush.

We are the University's full-grown sons. Let us not so narrow our lives that thought of others is lacking, for it is not her way to be selfish. Let us be courageous, persevering, ready to work to the end, as are those who have learned her spirit. Let us take pride in being worthy of trust, and let us be true to the best that is in us, for otherwise the Honor System has failed of its mission. May the legacy of Princeton to our lives be as imperishable as her name, as unfading as this ivy planted in memory of us, and as upbuilding as the friendships here formed.

This ivy grew on Washington's grave. I plant it here, hoping we shall remain as true always to our conscience and to our duty as he did to his. Princeton could ask no more of us and we should then be indeed worthy to be called sons of "Old Nassau."

President's Address

JAMES WALKER JAMESON

CLASSMATES—Four years have passed since we first stood around this cannon joined for the struggle which drew us together as a class and bound us with the ties which have ever grown stronger. It was then that our life as a family began and no other family has passed a life so full of happiness as ours.

Ours has been a varied life, but our interests have been common. They have not been interests centered wholly on athletics nor upon literary pursuits, but have been common to both of these branches of college life which make Princeton so dear to us all. They have been interests centered entirely upon our Alma Mater and she will be their object as long as one of us exists.

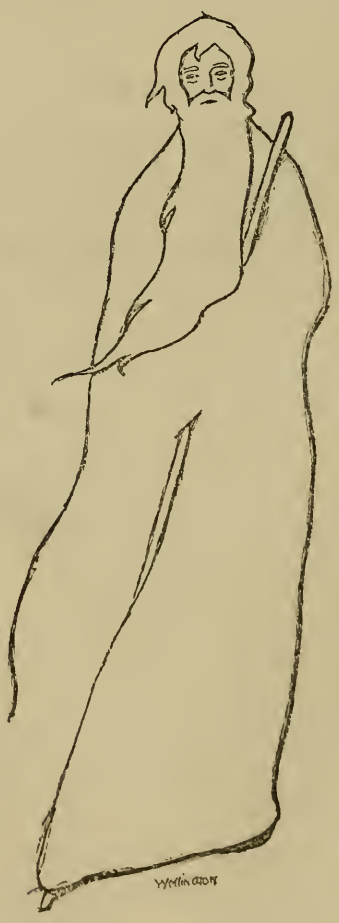
During the past four years we have seen this University steadily increase in numbers; we have seen new buildings erected, new chairs founded, a graduate school started, and great general improvements throughout the campus, and in the near future another new dormitory and the long-hoped-for gymnasium will add to its beauty.

We have now reached the time when it is necessary for us to separate and take up the work of life for which we have been preparing. We have received all the benefit and training that our dear Alma Mater can give, and our success in life will depend on whether or not we have taken advantage of the opportunities which she has afforded us. But with her teachings before us and with that spirit in our hearts which she alone can give, we should be able to overcome any of the difficulties which may arise before us along the road to success.

Our career has been marked with a considerable degree of success, and it has at times been darkened by disappointment which has made us only stronger in our efforts and determination to obtain the desired end, and benefited us more than if success had been with us continually.

We have upon three occasions grieved for the loss of classmates, once in Freshman and twice in Sophomore year. They were men who have been indeed missed from our number, and whose loss we have deeply felt, and let each member of the class as the wreath is passed take a flower from it as a loving tribute to their memory.

And now as we say farewell let us breathe the prayer that God may grant prosperity to Princeton together with happiness and success to each member of the Class of Nineteen-Hundred-and-One.



CLASS DAY COMMITTEE.

Class Prophecy

V. H. BERGHAUS, JR.

ALTHOUGH the undergraduate life of 1901 is a thing of the past and we are all proud possessors of liberal educations, there are still several problems in connection with our four years' stay in Princeton which, with all our enlightenment, we have not been able to solve. No one of us can satisfactorily explain how a man of Latta Griswold's attractive personality can be so averse to feminine charms as he, by his own assertions, has proved himself to be. Or who can tell us why Harry Willis refused to vote for the best track athlete in the Nassau Herald contest? Or again, why is Jimmy Imbrie so often absent from College on account of illness? Why is Davy Dana so lavish in spending his income? What can be done to save Billy Gelston from his downward path to a drunkard's grave? Why doesn't Charley Meinken wear golf trousers? These are a few of the unsolved questions which have come up during our campus life. Among them might be included one as to how a certain unaccountable power of divining the future has been bestowed upon me as Class Prophet. Whence it has come I am ignorant, and will therefore not even attempt a logical explanation of its source, but will proceed immediately to acquaint the class with that which has been thus mysteriously made known to me.

The revelations, which seemed to come as reminiscences after the last member of the class had passed away, first brought back to my spiritual vision a glimpse of Commencement Day in 1901. Bill Brady and Steve Whitman emitted from their bosoms ponderous sighs of relief as they packed their diplomas safely in their trunks after graduation, and then decided upon

a trip up the line. Latta Griswold was urged to go along, but, with characteristic self-control, rejected the idea. Julius Baldwin went up in the same train, but left Bill and Steve at Jersey City with some parting words of spiritual advice. The length of their sojourn in the big city was to be determined altogether by circumstances, but Steve applied himself so diligently to literary pursuits (writing principally for the religious publications), that he soon found himself acquiring sufficient revenue to warrant his making New York a permanent place of residence. Aside from his actual expenses he was also able to secure considerable funds for incidentals, which Brady at first helped him to spend. But Bill had none of the characteristics of Don Morrow in his make-up, and found it distasteful to be living off the generosity of another. He started out for himself, soon got into politics and became a recognized boss in a down-town precinct, where he attained the degree of Very Greatly Exalted Ruler in the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and was afterwards elected alderman.

These two having gotten well started upon the road to success and honor, the even more difficult task of acting in a like manner awaited certain other members of the class. There were Jack Frazer and Johnny Brewer, for instance. Such qualities as industry and close application to business, in their dispositions, during the first few years after leaving college, were altogether invisible to the casual observer. Jack at first devoted his time to travel, and spent several years in the investigation of the various methods of "distilling the present hour" (borrowing the phrase from a well-known author) as they are found in the several corners of the world. After five years of globe trotting, however, a great and sudden change took place in Jack through the instrumentality of a charming Southern young lady who persuaded him to settle down to a peaceful farming life in the South.

John Brewer, like Frazer, first spent much time traveling, but in the course of his wanderings met George Cooke, who clothed in sober black, was just entering upon a theological course in one of the German universities with the purpose of broadening his views before entering the ministry in this country. George persuaded John to go with him to the university

and engage in a little mathematical research, recalling John's peculiar *weakness* for mathematics while at Princeton. This proved to be the turning point in John's career, and, had it not been for George's influence, the year 1920 might not have beheld that eminent scholar, Professor John Brewer, at the head of the mathematical department at Princeton University.

Even while in college Vincent Findlay experienced some difficulty in disposing of his income, and so after graduation, of course, he didn't really have to work for a living. But Vincent wasn't the kind of a fellow to pass idly through life without trying to be useful and do something for the welfare of mankind. He decided that he could make best use of his talents by accepting a position as superintendent of a long distance telephone company whose lines reached all parts of the United States. He made his headquarters at the central office, where he had a receiver so arranged that he could hear any conversation that took place at any part of the whole system. In this way he acquired a great deal of inside information regarding high-life scandals, and the latest gossip from all stages of society. I was sitting in his office one day when the telephone rang, and Vincent, who was busy writing letters, said to me, "Quick, see what those people are talking about." I took the receiver and heard Pretty Porter trying to persuade Lifty Lawton to send him two dollars he had borrowed in Sophomore year. "Yes, Pretty, I'll make that all right," said Lifty, "you just collect a Lit. subscription from Gordon Beaham at our next class reunion. Good-by." Soon afterward Besoré called: "Hello, Central, give me No. 14, Trenton, N. J." But the wires got crossed just then, so that it was impossible to hear the conversation that ensued. It was not long before Don Morrow rang up somebody and was saying, "Say, old man, can you let me have the loan of —" but this was interrupted by a call from Dick Elkins, who shouted loudly: "Hello, Central, connect me with a brewery, right quick." A minute later Fort and Hawkins began to exchange a few reminiscences over the wires, so I discreetly decided to withdraw, knowing that all other business was over for the day.

Our class always prided itself that among its members were five pairs of brothers, all of whom were destined to gain

distinction. It is not strange that the Lyon boys, whose dispositions always differed somewhat, drifted far apart after graduation. Charley developed a wonderful insight into the uses of electricity, and after a few years, by hard work and grinding application, attracted the attention of several eminent electricians who got him a job as motorman on a Newark trolley line. Harry married well, invested his wife's money judiciously, settled in Europe and lived luxuriously on his income, becoming well known as one of the world's greatest capitalists.

Alex. and Schuyler Smith, unlike the Lyons, stuck together through life just as they did in college, as instanced by the Herald contest when Alex. voted for Schuyler as the handsomest man in the class, and Schuyler voted for Alex. as the man who had done most for the class. As partners they built up a successful law practice in New York, catering strictly to the aristocracy.

Of the Lane brothers, Dick graduated in Freshman year, but Jimmy took four years to do it, and after completing a course at the Seminary, was sent as a Presbyterian missionary to the foreign fields.

Linn and Paul Brokaw went to South Africa where Oom had little difficulty in persuading the Boers that he was a lineal descendant of old President Kruger. Upon the death of the latter the people were only too glad to elect Oom as successor to his supposed ancestor, making him commander-in-chief of the army as well as President of the republic. Oom gave Linn a fat job as Secretary of the Treasury (although Capt. Schaff wanted the position), and called Steve Whitman from New York to the office of Secretary of War, making him also a general in the army. For many years Oom and Steve struggled with England for the freedom of their adopted country. They fought many bloody battles in which they were always to be seen standing side by side putting up a plucky fight against great odds. They gained much glory and newspaper notoriety, and secured a strong place in the hearts of their people. It was recorded in the annals of the republic that Boer maidens used to bring them witch-hazel to heal their wounds after

battle. Their self-sacrificing efforts were finally rewarded by securing the republic's independence.

The Petty brothers went into the brewing business together in Pittsburg, and the quality of their product was declared excellent by Doc McCurdy and Smylie Kinne, thus securing it a tremendous sale. On each bottle was pasted a label reading, "I pronounce this beer to be absolutely free from all chemical ingredients. Signed: Thomas W. Fisher, Chemist." Although Bob and Bill amassed a large fortune, with all their success they always remembered their old class, and generously supplied all the liquid nourishment required at 1901 reunions.

But it must not be supposed that each individual in the class met with unlimited success. Such I regret I am unable to prophesy if I am to follow the immaculate example of Vincent Findlay in the matter of adhering strictly to the truth. Among the less fortunate of our classmates was Pop Belden. I met Pop on a railroad train one day in 1905. He was sitting alone looking very much depressed. I spoke to him and asked him what was the matter, that I might try to cheer him up a bit. He confided in me that he had been disappointed in love, and I sympathetically asked him how it had happened. "Well," he said, "everything was all right until one day she detected the odor of beer on my breath and then—and then it was all over." "Too bad, Pop; but she must have been a prude," I ventured to suggest. "Not at all," said Pop, "but that same day she met Ray Little and his breath smelled of champagne."

Phin Jones, too, met with a very similar disappointment. He was just on the verge of proposing to a little girl down at the sea-shore one summer about eight years after graduation, when Wilford Conrow came along with his winning ways and captured the prize.

Sam Hamilton was another of the less fortunate. He never could be convinced that success could be attained only through hard work. His idle habits remained with him through life and he became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Vondy, too, found out that life was not always one continuous path of roses, and that the thorns did sometimes make themselves felt. He went into a fashionable restaurant in New York on one occasion, and with that devil-may-care air

he sometimes assumes, inquired of the waiter, "Garçon, do you serve lobsters here?" "Well," the waiter replied, "we 'as our instructions to discriminate as much as possible among them as comes in to eat, but we ain't much rushed to-day, and I guess we can accommodate you."

No reunion of our class was ever more successful than that of 1921. Ten years had elapsed since last we had met as a class, and many changes had occurred both in the appearance of the fellows and in their positions in the world. They were all at the prime of life. Some had already become distinguished, and others were showing great promise of future success. Every one was glad to be back, and all were in the best of spirits. Even Jigs Little would occasionally smile in greeting an old friend, while Pen Adamson and Al Childs, at the risk of losing their self-respect, were gracious enough to speak to every man in the class. Charley Homer, Doc Hyde and Willie Mount became absolutely boisterous in their enthusiasm.

I was one of the first to get back, but found Bill Duncan there ahead of me. I ran across him on the front campus carrying on a little game of crap between his right and left hands, as Shrimp Warner or Corney hadn't yet put in an appearance. Bob Rice was another early arrival. I recognized him afar off by the way the back of his coat jogged up, as he came up the campus walk. It reminded me of one day while we were still in college, when a young lady passing Bob on the campus inquired if anybody had any salt.

But the fellows soon began to arrive in large numbers. It was surprising to note some of the changes time had wrought in their personal appearances. Andy Bergland had after all turned out to be a pretty good sized man, and Yates too had sprung up a little. Bartholomew, Pop Wooden and Mellin Matthews had acquired enormous appendages in the neighborhood of the belt, which added greatly to the dignity of their carriage, and bore witness to much prosperity in life. Something seemed different about Pancoast, too, as he hurried across the campus in the direction of 43 Blair, with Ray Little, Shrimp Warner and Bill Duncan. His shoulders seemed to have broadened abnormally, but then it was remembered that this development had already begun while he was still an under-

graduate. The only change in Tom Fisher was that he had taken to brushing all the hair that grew in the middle of his forehead to one side, giving his countenance a decided Napoleonic expression. Brigham Young came in from Salt Lake City looking the picture of health. He had engaged one-half the rooms at the inn to accommodate his wives and family.

Many more of the fellows had stepped into the bonds of matrimony. Tight Mattis had with him his eldest son to take the preliminary entrance examinations. He was a likely looking lad and destined in a few years to uphold family precedent by winning glory for himself and Princeton on the gridiron.

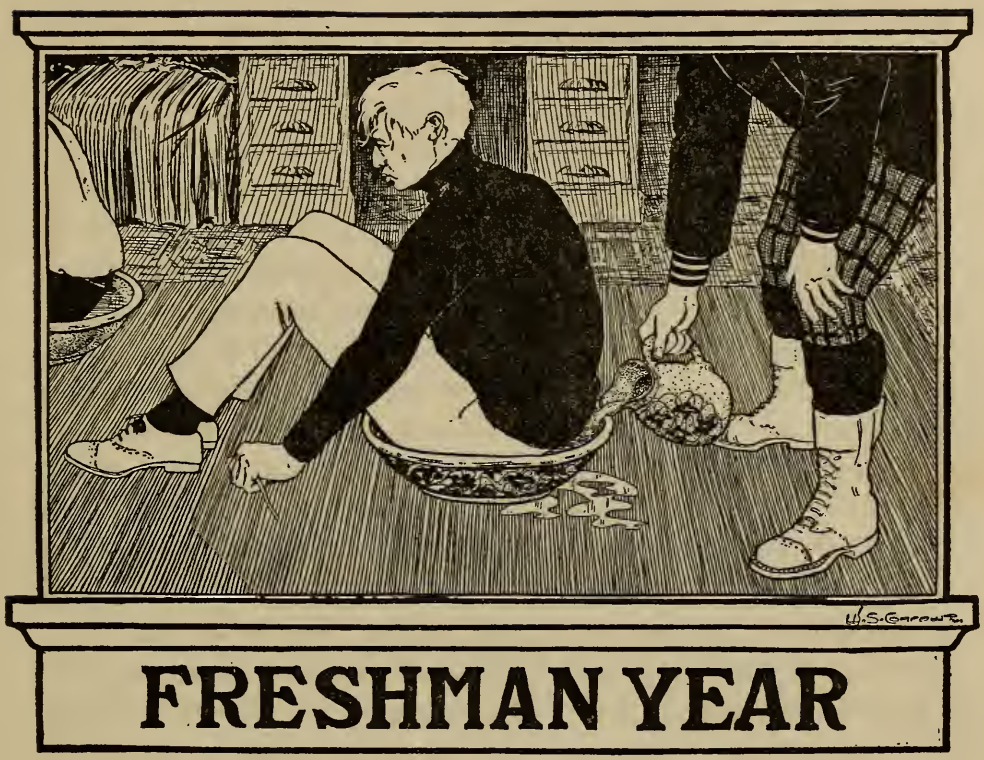
But the crowning event of the whole reunion occurred on the last night before we were to disperse. Many half-barrels of that previously mentioned product which the Petty brothers contributed, had been consumed, with the effect of producing genuine enthusiasm. President Jimmy Jameson, the recently elected mayor of Antrim, announced at headquarters that a peerade was to take place, and Lifty Lawton soon showed up with a bass drum. Col. Mac Huey, of the United States Army, whose breast was decorated with numerous emblems of honor and medals won for bravery in Eastern warfare, assisted Jimmy in marshalling the forces. Smylie Kinne, Bruce Armstrong, Spaulding Frazer and Emory Katzenbach, together with Lifty, formed the drum corps. In the first line were Dog Harris and Mark Hanna Hawkins, the Shadow Detective, the political lights of the East and the West; Anthony Hope, whom Harris and Hawkins had decided upon as the Republican presidential candidate for 1924; Skinny Hall, president of the National League; Boo Brower, always to be found in the front line, and E. J. Brady, at that time the Dick Croker of New York politics. Latta Griswold and family composed the second line.

Among the most conspicuous of those that followed were: Billy Gelston, author of "How to Act at Social Functions," and the "Blue Book of Brooklyn Beau Brummels." Frank Janeway, who had just been chosen an alumni representative on the Board of Trustees; W. B. Fort, the *vox et praeterea nihil* of 1901; Doc McWilliams, the Chicago fire hero; Jimmy Wardrop, famous in banking circles; Tom Wrenn, who had recently perfected a mode of communication with Mars; Dilemma

Steen, the United States Senator from Pennsylvania; Poky Watres, editor of the "Advice to Young Women" column in the Ladies' Home Journal; Ralph Swofford, the whirlwind orator from the West; Bob Hunter, of bar-room ballad fame; Dittie Hutchings, formerly head-coach of the 'Varsity Baseball Team; and Julius Baldwin, who distributed tracts to the crowd. Vincent Findlay, who was still unable to spend his income, brought up the rear, and, with Davy Dana, was throwing five-dollar bills to the howling throng that followed the procession.

But neither time, space nor propriety will permit me to describe further the scenes which accompanied or immediately followed this celebration. It is enough to say that somewhere about 3 a. m., after the loving cup had been passed around (several times), Ollie Badgley led a cheer for 1901, and the reunion was formally declared over.

For many years the class continued to live, holding many more successful reunions, and each succeeding one showed that the individual members were gaining more and more in renown and wealth. Many fellows showed considerable generosity toward their Alma Mater: Davy Dana presented the University with a $200,000 dormitory and—but right here comes Pop Wooden pounding at my door, and with much profanity, demanding that I make no further delay in getting in my copy for the Nassau Herald. It might have been pleasant to foretell the career of the class in the After World, and yet in the case of Vincent Findlay and some others it might not have been so pleasant. But be that as it may, Pop's rude interruption has forever taken away the mysterious prophetic power which I so briefly possessed, and only time can show what else is in store for our illustrious class.



FRESHMAN YEAR

Class History

EDMUND JAMES BRADY

ON A WARM AFTERNOON late in September, 1897, there assembed in Marquand Chapel the greatest mass of intellectuality that the four walls of that building had ever enclosed. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that this mass of intellectuality was simply the two hundred and eighty odd individual members of the Class of 1901 taken collectively. Dick Elkins wasn't present. The strain of matriculation had proved too severe for Dick's delicate nerves and he had gone South to recuperate. Cap Maier took copious notes as Doctor Patton discoursed eloquently on the necessity of lofty ideals during one's college course, while Don Morrow, after deftly crabbing a pew cushion for the window seat of his room was just escaping with his booty when intercepted by St. Peter.

In the meantime Vincent Findlay (the same that is now John Van Lear Findlay, Jr.) commented loudly to those about him on the poor acoustics of the building; confided to his neighbor on the right how difficult he found it to spend his income, and assured his neighbor on the left that the University would close down the next day owing to the discovery of fifteen cases of smallpox. Pancoast interrupted the services at this point by trying to get his shoulders in the chapel door. This he found impossible and compromised by leaving his coat on the steps, as a bulwark against belligerent Sophs, and attended the exercises in his shirt sleeves. Schuyler Smith created a mild sensation by entering late and doing an Apollo Belvidere pose from the pulpit. This created a desire in Lifty Lawton's breast to enact "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for our benefit, but at this juncture Dog Harris took a "flyer" at Lifty's calf and forced him to desist from his histrionic effort. Lifty didn't mind though, for even a dog bite is something for nothing. All went smoothly for a while until Chippy Blauvelt hurled his hymn book at the ceiling and did a "Brodie" into the adjoining pew. This proved to be the final interruption and when the "on your mark-set-go" had been pronounced it was with hearts full of expectancy that we issued forth into the hands of the awaiting multitude. We lingered for a few moments without the chapel to give an impromptu vaudeville show for the benefit of those assembled and then, at a slightly accelerated pace, we retired to our several rooms.

During the succeeding nights how happy we all were! And how selfish we were in our joy! Did we not all draw our shutters tight, lower our lamps, and, like misers, hoard our pleasure? No, there was one exception. Gaylord Hawkins, leaning far out his casement, sung the whole night long for pure joy and the amusement of several passersby, who, charmed by the uninterrupted flow of melody, stopped to listen, and cheer on this human nightingale by cries of "More, more." Already Jimmy Wardrop knew the whole College by sight and could tell the very day when such a one was due to wear his red socks.

"Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro." It was the night of the rush and, while the class were valiantly singing their

courage to the sticking point at the foot of University Place, Captain Butler, of the 'Varsity Baseball Team, was beseeching Dutch Meinken not to enter the rush lest he be injured and the 'Varsity be thus deprived of the services of a hard-hitting first baseman. Dutch was obdurate and brought the discussion to a close by crying out dramatically, "Captain, I sympathize with you in your anxiety, but I place my duty to my class above all else!" With this speech the gallant Teuton fell in with the rear rank as we marched upon the cannon. Upon our arrival in the quadrangle quite an altercation ensued with some fellows who had the temerity to post themselves about the cannon. The opposition, however, was short lived, and in the end each one of us embraced that historic bit of iron. (At least each one said he did except Mac Huey who, to be fashionable, came late and avoided the rush.)

Then followed our first class meeting for the purpose of electing officers. It was held in the Gymnasium where, after a fleeting gape at each candidate, everyone voted as much as they pleased with the following result: President, George McK. Mattis; Vice-President, W. P. Seymour; Secretary and Treasurer, J. Dean Tilford. While the elections were in progress a great crowd of Sophomores had gathered without the Gymnasium to dispute our exit. Their rancous roarings wrought consternation in our breasts, and we were quite at a loss as to the proper course to pursue. Handsome Clutchy Akin came to the rescue by volunteering to go out on the steps and dislocate his eyes at the interloping Sophomores. It was the first time that many of us had seen Bennie, but there was not a man among us who did not, at a glance, recognize the storm-calming properties of his seraphic countenance. Out upon the steps went the gallant Benjamin. He saw, but so did the Sophomores, who, with one prolonged shriek of rage and dismay, betook themselves in precipitate flight to Potter's Woods.

In response to The Princetonian's "all are urged to come out" notice, some twenty men presented themselves as candidates for the 'Varsity Football Team. Shaffer easily made the position of photographer while the rest divided their time between the Scrub and the Freshman Teams.

Early in October Rutgers dropped in for her annual. During the progress of the game, one gallant Rutgerite avowed his intention of yielding the ghost for dear old Rutgers. After a dint of persuasion he changed his mind and, happy to relate, he now presides over a large family on the banks of the old Raritan.

A few days later Frank Linen won the Interclass Tennis Tournament, and with it the privilege of being Princeton's second representative in the Intercollegiate Tournament, held at New Haven a few days later. Thompson, '98, carried off the championship singles for Princeton.

While the 'Varsity was away on its Southern trip, 1901 defeated 1900 in the concluding game of the Interclass series by a score of 12 to 7. The Sophs seemed greatly put out over this defeat and for days afterwards acted most peevishly towards the Class of 1901. Here follow the results of all games played:

'98— 7; '99—3.
'01— 5; '99—3.
'98— 7; '00—3.
'98—10; '01—2.
'01—12; '00—7.

The makeup of the Freshman team was as follows: Catchers, Robbins and Hamilton; pitchers, Priest and McIntyre; first base, Hutchings; second base, Jones; third base, Lay; short stop, Duncan; left field, Braly; centre field, Mattis; right field, Harvey.

On Friday night, October 15, the campus rang with the shrieks of the neophytes in agony as they were playfully booted to and fro. The second chapter of the initiation as is customary, occurred the next day when they became the butts for the jests of the quadrangle wag.

Commemoration Day brought a real live lord amongst us. The majority of us managed to keep our heads and so the day passed off smoothly.

During the month of October the 'Varsity swept everything before it, while the Freshman team was not far behind, having suffered but one defeat.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

The Cane Spree came off on the night of November 11. Brower succeeded in winning his cane, but our other two candidates were not as successful and lost after a long struggle.

The following Saturday the 1901 Football Team was defeated at New Haven by Yale 1901. Score—Yale 1901, 10; Princeton 1901, 0. The record and makeup of the team was as follows:

1901—24; Lawrenceville—0.
1901—12; Mercersburg—6.
1901— 0; Hill School—10.
1901— 6; Peddie Institute—10.
1901—20; Pennington—0.
1901— 0; Yale, 1901—10.

Left end, P. Jones, H. Little; left tackle, Mattis (Capt.); left guard, Schwartz; centre, Coyle; right guard, Rand; right tackle, Hart; right end, Noble, Fentress; quarterback, Duncan, Homans; left half, Gardner, Jameson; right half, C. Jones, Dugro; fullback, Black, Bartlett.

The time for the Yale game was now rapidly approaching and the very air smelt of victory. Lafayette's strong team had fallen easily before us. The crystal bards sang merrily from within their narrow cells as they turned out sanguine prophecies by the yard. An enthusiastic mass meeting raised our blood to a fever heat and—Saturday, November 20, Yale, 6; Princeton, 0. The gloom that settled over undergraduate life was appalling. Those who had money and those who had not, sought solace in flinging the national fifty-two. The Gun Club's victory over Pennsylvania scarcely excited comment, while the explosion in the Brokaw Tank passed unnoticed, being regarded but the natural sequel of Sam Dodd's bath on the preceding day. John Baird was elected Football captain on December 14 and on the 21st the musical clubs left for their Christmas trip. 1901's representatives were:

Glee Club—Marr, Thompson, Lane and Vredenburg 2d.

Mandolin Club—Katzenbach and Wellington.

Banjo Club—Lay.

On the twenty-second the welcome announcement was made that the stuff was off for two weeks, and it was with light

hearts and heavy pockets that we took our several ways rejoicing. Schuyler Smith made six conquests in rapid succession on his way to New York, and this does not include two queens residing near the junction. The crowd bound for Chicago fell in with a pretty little miss, aged fourteen, and fresh from a Paris convent. Foxy Grandpa Richards straightway made a play for the susceptible young maiden and, to all appearances, was progressing beautifully. When they were still some hours out from Chicago, Dick leaned over to pick something from the floor, whereat the young lady exclaimed, "O Mr. Richards! you're the funniest baldheaded man I ever met. When you stooped just then I could see my face perfectly reflected on the top of your head." For the remainder of the trip Dickey sulked in his berth.

Somewhere up in the Pennsylvania mountains Doc McCurdy fell in with an entertaining gentleman, Brown, I believe, he called himself. Before long Doc was graphically describing a row of brownstone fronts that he owned in Youngstown, while Brown in his turn told Doc how some years ago he had seen Princeton defeat Oxford at Tiddledy Winks. This was enough to arouse anyone's suspicions; but remember that Doc was only a Freshman and besides, Brown was paying for them. At Pittsburg Mr. Brown left the train amid Doc's loud protestations of undying friendship. Some forty miles out when the conductor made his customary rounds, Doc discovered that both his money and watch were gone. He tearfully explained matters to the conductor and got the "hoarse hoot" for his pains. He dumped poor John off at a box car station just about equidistant between Youngstown and Pittsburg. No one knows how Doc got home but I quote the following from the Youngstown Vindicator to substantiate what I have said:

SAD FATE OF YOUNG JOHN McCURDY—RUDELY EJECTED FROM THE TRAIN BY AN UNFEELING CONDUCTOR.

WAS ON HIS WAY HOME TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH HIS PARENTS IN THIS CITY.

After two weeks of fussing, gluttony and indigestion, we returned to find that Princeton was being starred as a sink of iniquity by the New York Voice. The editors of that paper

were terribly incensed at the naughty arrow on the map in the University Catalogue which points in the direction of Artie Bave's emporium and perdition. Parents were warned against sending their innocents to Princeton, and, indeed, one would think, from the reports, that each tick of the clock registered the passing away of an undergraduate inebriate. Yet, despite all this calumny and vituperation, the entering classes have each year been larger than ever, and will continue to be so, the New York Voice and the New York Sun to the contrary notwithstanding.

The mid-year examinations were now almost upon us, and everyone was burning the midnight fluid in large quantities,—with the exception, of course, of Cap Maier and Soc Russell, who were dawdling along in their usual devil-may-care fashion. The results, however, showed up Maier's lack of preparation. He got as low as 99 per cent. in one subject, and I have it on the very best authority that it was only on consideration of his high character that the Faculty allowed him to remain in college.

I suppose that the majority of us have often wondered what made Dutch Meinken so sour-balled in the winter of Freshman year. His faith in womankind was forever shattered, so he confided to Hoot Taylor. You won't believe me when I say that Charley had conceived a romantic attachment for one of the fair sex. What did your little Josie do to you, Charley, to make you so down-hearted and cross? Is it really true that she was engaged to another fellow who lived out of town? Did you really not even get a "come to the church?"

The examinations gone, our energies were directed to the formation of the Freshman musical clubs. Ralph Thompson was elected leader of the Glee; John Wellington of the Mandolin, and Howard Saylor of the Banjo Club. The following is the full personnel of the organization: Glee Club—First Tenors, Bruyere, Bunting, Carter, Hunter. Second Tenors, Crawford, Kinne, Miller, Shaffer, Swift, Thompson. First Basses, Armstrong, Lawton, Marr, Shepley, Vance. Second Basses, Badgley, Bates, Coolbaugh, Johnson, Ward.

Banjo Club—Banjeaurines, Cooke, Cornell, Matthews, Say-

lor, A. Smith, S. Smith. Banjo, Johnson. Piccolo Banjo, Lay. Guitars, Parsons, J. B. Taylor, Jr., Gartner.

Mandolin Club—Mandolins, Frazer, Gelston, Katzenbach, Matthews, Marvin, Mitchell, Rose, Wellington. Guitars, Parsons, J. B. Taylor, Jr., Gartner. Violins, Richards, Hawkins. Flute, Lemcke. Cornet, Parsons.

As a result of the second class elections, Harold Braly took the helm with Nance Gardner as an understudy, while Dittie Hutchings was chosen keeper of the log.

Time dragged along rather slowly now, except, of course, during the Washington's Birthday festivities. The wrestling matches resulted in a victory for the Sophomores, who won the light and middleweight events. Katy Schwartz was our successful competitor.

The athletic teams began their spring training on March 1. Our class Baseball Team was composed of the following: Catcher, Robbins; pitcher, Priest; first base, Hamilton; second base, Duncan; third base, Casselberry; shortstop, Clausen (Capt.); left field, Williamson; centre field, Mattis; right field, Harvey.

The ground down in Potter's Woods had dried out sufficiently to permit of the annual spring festivities, and it was thither, one night early in the season, that Brigham Young, Hoot Taylor and several other jovial spirits retired to obtain rest and quiet after the day's chores were done. Hoot was waddling aimlessly about in the darkness and accidentally ran his head against an unoffending tree. Undoubtedly the tree was the injured party after contact with Hoot's head, but Brigham couldn't see it that way. For a full half hour he heaped invective, vituperation and abuse upon the tree and finally, when his rage got the better of him, he seized a hatchet and chopped down the tree. It took until seven o'clock Sunday morning, but Brigham stuck manfully at it until he had accomplished his fell purpose.

Tennyson, it was, I believe, who said that "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and so it was with our class poet, Tommy Thompson. While wandering one balmy day in the environs of Kingston in an attempt to woo the elusive muse, there burst upon his sight a

radiant vision of rustic loveliness. Well, you know, "in the spring a young man's fancy" and that's just what Tommy's did. Carriage rides galore followed, while the poor muse worked overtime. Tommy apostrophized her—called her the light of the West, the light of his soul, and light of heaven knows what. One particularly fetching one was addressed "To my darling turtle dove from her weeping Narcissus." Weeping Narcissus! Ye gods! Fellow classmates, gaze while ye may upon weeping Narcissus, for ye know not when he may become enamored of his own reflection and share the fate of his classic prototype. Finally, her love or Tommy's feet grew cold and so the affair ended.

"Unchain the dogs of war" was now the hue and cry. Oh, how our patriotic blood boiled with indignation and how anxious all were to avenge the Maine. For a while we were threatened with a resurrection of the Mercer Blues. Torchlight peerades with speeches from prominent residents were our nightly diet. In the midst of the excitement Yale slipped in and won the annual debate. George Mattis held Bill Leggett up one night, thinking that Bill was a Spanish spy. It is needless to remark here that Tight had been attending an overflow meeting at George and Bob's.

Upon the formal declaration of war between the United States and Spain the martial ardor cooled considerably. O. F. Gardner, Benjamin Hart, Jr., and Dean Tilford enlisted.

The 'Varsity Baseball Team was playing a splendid game and our prospects were excellent. Harvard had succumbed with her usual facility, while we had split even with Yale on the two games played. Princeton won at New Haven by 12 to 7, while Yale won here by 6 to 4. Dittie Hutchings was 1901's representative on the 'Varsity. The Track Team had surpassed all expectations at the intercollegiate meet by easily taking second place. Bert Ripley and Crabs Miller both won 'Varsity "P's" at the meet. The June examinations were over. The meek and humble Freshman had become the bold and bad Sophomore. The grand finale of Freshman year was as usual celebrated by a peerade, when, with an uncertain, wobbly gait, the Class of 1901 stumbled into Sophomore year.

P. S.—Manhattan Field, June 18. Yale, 8; Princton, 3.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

WITH what eagerness did we return to college in the fall, longing to don those resplendent orange and black jerseys and assert our authority in rough, mean voices. The summer vacation had wrought but few changes. Yates had added a few inches to his diminutive stature, while Jap Crane's feet, like his native country, had entered upon a policy of expansion. Schuyler Smith, fresh from an unbroken string of summer conquests, was as radiantly beautiful as ever and the same might be said of Benny Akin. Aside from the relicts of 1900 there were several other additions to the class, notable among whom was Oom Paul Brokaw, the celebrated beater up and generally beaten up. A survey of the Inn register revealed the following rather remarkable entry: Hungry Willis and Tapeworm.

The rush was too easy though our victory was undoubtedly in large part due to Johnnie Brewer's encouraging speeches just before the collision. Johnny certainly fought gallantly on that memorable night, and when the fight was over he was dragged from the bottom of the heap unconscious. A physi-

cian was summoned and after he had made a thorough examination some one anxiously inquired, "Is he dead?"

"Oh yes, but a little sleep will restore him," was the doctor's rather ambiguous reply.

Football practice was begun and Williams Street was filled every afternoon with gyrating Freshmen until those unsophisticated youths learned the way to 'Varsity field by way of Prospect Street. 1901 had a large representation on the football squad at the opening of the season but by the time the Yale game rolled around, Brawny Bill Duncan was the only one left to tell the tale.

After a stormy class meeting held early in October, Dittie Hutchings was elected President, Bert Ripley, Vice-President, and Charley Robbins, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Interclass Baseball series gave us but little cause for jubilation, for despite our fear-inspiring roars, Ben Akin's face and George Yeungling's terrifying presence, the Freshmen team remained on earth and finally won out in a seven-inning contest by a score of 6 to 4. Latta Griswold happened to have some friends down to see the game. Among them was a young lady upon whom Latta was desirous of impressing the absolute unconventionality of the Princeton undergraduate. He had just been telling her of the custom the fellows have of calling out to one another on the campus, when the innocent girl asked for a practical demonstration. They were walking along near the Blair Hall arch so Latta without further ado, bawled out in his boldest tones, "Hello, Dickey Richards! Stick your head out." "Go to hell, Griswold. I'm busy," came the decidedly unconventional reply. The innocent young maid elevated her chin about forty-five degrees and the ladylike Latta lost a happy home. Latta! Latta! if you had only called for some man of undoubted character—Schaff, for instance. Rather any man in the whole university than that unregenerate reprobate, Richards.

Commemoration Day with its accompanying LL.D.'s and speeches passed off smoothly, and the Intercollegiate Golf Tournament netted Princeton nothing.

Along with the November full moon came the Cane Spree, one of the hardest fought contests in the history of the sport.

Eddie Clausen, lightweight, drew with his opponent. Harvey won the middleweight event easily while Gordon Beaham, heavyweight, lost after a stubborn fight.

The football team now occupied our undivided attention. Our somewhat weak back-field was more than made up by an exceptionally strong line, and, aside from the tie game with West Point, the team was doing all that could be expected. Our opponents had fallen easily. Our goal line had not been crossed. Of the Yale game little need be said, for I fancy that everyone of us will remember to our dying day how, when our hopes were at their lowest ebb, Poe made his immortal run. The joy of that victory took away the sting of defeat two weeks later when Yale won the annual debate.

The dead days which succeeded the strenuous life we had been leading were seized upon by the anti-hazing element as a propitious time for reform. A mass-meeting was held in Alexander Hall where in many speeches visions of weeping and heartbroken mammas and papas were summoned up. We were made to realize for the first time the inhuman deviltry of the practice, and with a shock we awoke to the fact that we were cruel cowards to attack defenseless unoffending Freshmen. With the exception of a few incorrigibles, we wept great salt tears of remorse, and when the anti-hazing resolutions were put to a vote they were carried with a unanimity that did much to remove from our class its reputation for savage cruelty. In short, "we seen our duty and we done it." The day of hazing is gone forever. Underclass brawls are things of a forgotten past. The hazing committee is only a name. The Freshman like the Senior can do as he "damn pleases." Ah! happy day!

The abandonment of the holiday trip of the musical clubs deprived the class of a great deal of history, and but for the unsuccessful outcome of the Intercollegiate Chess Tournament, the Christmas vacation passed happily and smoothly away. Dick Elkins returned to town long enough to make the assertion that he was going to pole for the February examinations, and immediately left for parts unknown. The election of Edwards as football captain was the only break in the universal poling bee during January.

The dread mid-years with their attendant worry and sleeplessness were soon left behind and then, by way of variety, the Junior Prom. and the Liedertafel came off with great éclat. At the Prom. Miss Fried was undoubtedly the most attractive debutante of the evening, but taking debutantes in the aggregate, the Liedertafel undoubtedly surpassed the Prom. Lifty Lawton will swear to this but he is probably biased, since it was at the Liedertafel that he met his present fiancée, the fair Alice.

Apropos of Lifty's engagement to Alice it is reported that several disappointed Spoon Street beauties have entered breach of promise suits against the gay deceiver. Doc Schwartz contributed his share to the ante-Lenten festivities by trying to burn down "the busiest corner of Princeton's busiest street." Through the strenuous efforts of the village fire department the conflagration burnt more than Doc was insured for and now he is up against it worse than ever.

Washington's Birthday was accompanied by the usual tearing down of Freshman banners, and notwithstanding the blizzard weather of the night of the twenty-first, the Sophomore clubhouses were more or less vigilantly guarded against designing Freshmen. The wrestling matches held in the Gymnasium the afternoon of the twenty-second resulted in a victory for 1901. Al Granger and Tight Mattis won their matches, while Harvey, middleweight, was less successful.

The twenty-fourth of February witnessed Bob Steen's sudden leap into popular favor, for when Bob's apparently innocent case of chicken-pox developed into virulent smallpox, it was discovered that there was scarcely a man in the University who had not recently either slept or eaten with him. Buck Mellinger and Geo. Yeungling both took oath that they made a regular practice of wearing Steen's clothes and so received two weeks' holiday. Everyone who had come in contact with Bob, and they were a legion, was sent home. That is, all except Hoot Taylor, who advanced the excuse that he and Bob used the same tooth-brush. That was the one lie that would not go.

Baseball practice in the cage was succeeded by a few days' work in the open, after which the team left on a disastrous

Southern trip. Hutchings, Braly, Mattis and Hamilton remained on the squad after the weeding out. The poor showing in the South was due principally to the unsettled makeup of the team; for after their return to Princeton the playing steadily improved throughout the season.

Harvard won the debate, and the balmy spring days, for which we endure the worst winter weather in the universe, soon happened along and negligé attire and midnight meanderings in Potter's Woods once more became the vogue. Concerning midnight meanderings and in order that you, fellow classmates, may better understand the character of the man whom you have twice honored with the office of President, I should like to relate a little story the incidents of which happened about this time of the year. I have the tale direct from Calvin Fentress, the reformed rake, and you all know how little he is given to gossiping. One morning about two o'clock Fent was awakened by hearing Jimmy stumbling about and muttering to himself in the adjoining bed-room. Fent got up to see what the matter was, and on peering through the open door, saw Jim unsteadily walking about the room with his hand on the bed railing. He seemed in great perplexity and finally exclaimed: "Well! Here's the banisters all right, but where in the devil are those stairs."

The gun team won the dual shoot against Pennsylvania, but in the intercollegiate match finished third. Harvard proved as easy as ever in baseball, Princeton taking two straight. Pawnee Bill and May Lilly, Hoot Taylor's bosom friends, made a short but exciting stay, and in a few weeks we came into the right to wear high hats. After losing the first baseball game to Yale at New Haven, we won on our own grounds on Saturday of Commencement week, and in New York on June 17, we defeated Yale a second time, thus winning the Championship of 1899.

JUNIOR YEAR

WERE it not for occasional examinations which the University Faculty insist upon with a pertinacity that is incomprehensible, Junior year would be the happiest year of a man's life. Even with this drawback, it is certainly the happiest of one's college course. Aside from certain fixed periods of mental gymnastics a man has little on his mind but his hair, and in this respect Tom Fisher, Dick Richards, Steve Plum and Bart Bartholomew enjoy a signal advantage. Final separation seems too far away to cause any worry, while Sophomore year with its petty politics and its mistaken ideas of what constitutes a successful college career is forgotten. It is the time when life-long friendships are cemented. The inveterate poler as well as the confirmed loafer doth perceive to a certain extent the error of his way. In short, he who so hath willed hath found his proper level.

1901 absorbed the usual quota of fresh Juniors, prominent among whom was Pen Adamson, the invisible symphony in purple, and designer of the girl with the impossible walk and

anatomy. According to Pen's account his native town, Dundee, is a marvellous burg. They have a brick chimney over there four hundred feet high, with a circumference at the top large enough to drive a coach and four around. The most wonderful thing about the chimney, Pen says, is that a breath of wind will make it sway to and fro a good three feet. That chimney might sway for a breath such as Doc McCurdy had when he got lost in an onion patch in Potter's Woods and was forced to eat his way out.

David, the tight Dana, was a trifle late in returning to college. He only had about five thousand odd dollars in the bank and it seemed such a pity to break into it for railroad fare, so Davy did the only other thing possible under the circumstances—walked. I have it on good authority that the engagement of Dana to Hetty Green is shortly to be announced.

The football team started the season with a vim and a dash that augured well for future success. The small colleges fell with their usual facility, while the strong teams of Lafayette, Columbia and West Point were handily defeated. The Interclass Baseball series gave us no cause for jubilation. To tell the truth the number of games won had best go unrecorded.

It is said that Hell is paved with good intentions, and if such be the case, there cannot be the slightest doubt but that Cal Fentress has furnished the asphalt for the broadest boulevard in the nether regions. When Cal came back after his summer vacation, with the memory of a pair of blue eyes still fresh in his mind, he was filled with high aspirations and a firm purpose to do his duty. He even went so far as to resolve to eschew gossip but at the last moment gave up the idea as absolutely impossible. However, that Fent was resolved to lead a regular life the following schedule will bear witness:

7.00 o'clock, Rise; 7.30 to 8.00, Breakfast; 8.00 to 8.30, Read papers; 8.30 to 9.00, Chapel; 9.00 to 11.00, Recitations; 11.00 to 12.00, Read; 12.00 to 12.30, Lunch; 12.30 to 1.30, Recreation; 1.30 to 3.00, Read; 3.00 to 5.00, Recitations; 5.00 to 6.00, Exercise; 6.00 to 6.45, Dinner; 6.45 to 7.30, Gossip; 7.30 to 9.30, Read; 9.30 to 11.00, Write letters; 11.00, Bed. The fifth Saturday of each month take a bath. We all know

how that schedule worked. Fent arose about 10 o'clock each morning and gossiped and spread scandal incessantly until bed time. Bath Saturday occurred but three times in the course of the year and Fent forgot it each time.

In the election of class officers, Jim Jameson was chosen President, Cal Fentress, Vice-President, and Anthony Hope, Secretary and Treasurer. Commemoration Day brought with it welcome surcease from unremitting toil. Sam Slumbers Hamilton had his first full day of rest since the opening of college, while Water Fort seized the opportunity to make up the sleep he had lost by being roused out of bed at noon one day during the previous summer.

In the meanwhile the football team continued on its victorious career until brought to sudden halt by Cornell. Despite the costliness of the remedy the defeat proved highly beneficial to us in that it checked growing overconfidence. The team, however, completely vanquished the poor Aborigines on Manhattan Field two weeks before the Yale game. Those who made the trip to New Haven were amply repaid, for, as in 1898, when the tide of defeat had set in against us, the day was again saved by Poe. It was a happy crowd that landed in New York that night. Steve Plum, if we may judge by his actions, did not get enough excitement out of the great victory but sought by means artificial to increase his happiness. Coming down in the street car from the Grand Central Station Steve met a certain young lady (she was a sort of female Fentress) from his home burg, Newark. Steve, fearing lest the news be carried to his family, clutched the grip strap firmly and tried to look normal. After deftly side stepping several questions, Steve began to break under the strain and look for some way out of his predicament. Finally his eye fell on the fare register at the end of the car and, after gazing at it intently for a few moments, he piped out, "Goodness me! I didn't know it was as late as that. Guess I had better get off and walk." The crowd gradually drifted back into town, the stay in New York being regulated by the amount lifted from the unsuspecting Yalesians.

Along in December Harvard chalked up another victory over us in debate and then the general exodus for home began. The musical clubs made a short but successful trip during the holidays, while the chess team did as well as ever.

After the holidays, to the blowing of horns together with a solo on the bass drum by the ubiquitous and irrepressible Lifty, Mellin Matthews alighted from the train amid a shower of grips concerning his candidature for the class cup. Mellin, as he was borne aloft upon the shoulders of enthusiastic classmates, arrayed *cap-a-pie* in yards of cast-off bedsheets, his thin ascetic face wreathed in smiles, made so charming a picture that there was not one of us who could see how any woman could help falling in love with so handsome a fellow.

To pass briefly over this time of the year is to miss very little. As in former years, the February examinations, the Junior Prom. and the Liedertafel occurred and at all of these events there were men who successfully and completely passed.

There is one thing nevertheless that cannot be glossed over and that is Doc McCurdy's conduct at the Prom. The fact that he is from Youngstown is no excuse whatever. In New Jersey it has never been considered proper to send a shower of broken glass down upon the shoulders of a somnolent chaperone, and however much we may secretly condone the act, we must publicly censure it. No, Doc, it was not a bit nice of you to shout from the roof of the Casino at Booze Pierson, who was dancing inside and invite him out to sample some of Scud's best. It gave strangers a bad impression of Princeton and it was no wonder you got no sympathy when you fell from the roof a few moments later.

Baseball practice in the cage was next in order, and when the team left on its Southern trip it was evident that, barring accidents, another championship was coming Princetonward.

On March the first the 1901 Board took possession of the Daily Princetonian, with Walter Ewing Hope, the Brooklyn prodigy, as mighty moulder of undergraduate opinion. At the same time it was arranged in case of the double dilemma's indisposition that Dittie Hutchings should make disrespectful remarks anent the disgraceful condition of Williams Street and

suggest the removal of the alluvial deposits in the Brokaw Tank. The Easter vacation gone, that subtle disease called spring fever took complete possession of us. It affected some men strangely. Aaron Burn lay on his back all one night studying the stars. A rather strange occupation for a rainy night but then Aaron says there is nothing so good for the soul as prolonged communion with nature. Prolonged communion with something else has been known to help some, but then that is a different story. Then the fever manifested itself in an odd way in the case of Jim Wardrop, who one night was heard shouting, "I feel like a morning star and scarce can I be restrained from bursting forth in song." Let it be put down to Jim's eternal credit that he did restrain himself; but not so with Bergie Berghaus, who insisted upon bawling forth the many charms and exceeding virtue of one Daisy Stokes, nor did he hesitate to announce to every passerby that "he was a gay young lumberman."

Again the fever brought the breath of life to the declining literary spirit. Matthew Arnold arose from his grave and stalked through the pages of the Lit. Spaulding Frazer, too, caught the spirit of the Renaissance and broke forth into beautiful song, only it happened that some other poet had the break on him by about fifteen years. Fraze denied all responsibility and tried to pose as a Dreyfus but the class was a trifle more discerning than English professors and Nassau Lit. Editors.

May 8 brought to Princeton what was perhaps the most welcome, certainly the most needed victory of the year, namely that over Yale in debate. The debate was a hard fought one, but in the end the Princeton team, with Bob Steen representing 1901 made Yale closely resemble two and six pence.

Two weeks later, for the first time since 1901's entry into college, Harvard defeated Princeton in baseball. On the same day Princeton finished second in the intercollegiate track meet, beating out both Yale and Harvard.

In the Musical Clubs' elections Ollie Badgley was elected leader of the Glee Club and the Wurzburgers were on the Kid. Emery Katzenbach at the same time was chosen leader of the Mandolin Club.

Final examinations, thanks to early departure of several professors, were over early in June and those who remained over had ample time to be around and knock everyone and everybody and tell how much better things would be when we had our Commencement.

On June 2 Yale was defeated at New Haven and once again here, in a whirlwind finish, on June 9. Harvard fell an easy victim on the thirteenth and with this victory, for the second time in our college course, the championship laurels rested on Old Nassau's conquering brow.

SENIOR YEAR

THE Europe-bound steamers during the summer carried scores of loyal Princetonians abroad to follow the fortunes of the track team and investigate the pleasures of gay Paris. It was at Paris that Hungry Willis gave the inhabitants of that burg the treat of their lives by appearing on the track one day in scanty costume. He awoke to find himself famous. Reutlinger wanted him to pose as the central figure in Diana's Hunting Party. He became so popular in fact that he was forced to fly to Scotland, where he claims to have acquired that wondrous cape and equally wondrous dog. The term dog is used advisedly. It is certainly up to every loyal Scotchman to rise in his wrath and smite the defamer of his native land. No matter how poor an opinion we may have of Scotland, there is no one of us who will believe that Sandy MacGreggor ever saw the heather of that bonnie land.

Dick Richards, too, had an opportunity to go abroad but turned his talent for drawing to good account by designing death shrouds for the Chicago Coffin Trust, an occupation more in keeping with his jovial nature. On September 19th college opened for the busiest year of our course, for, in addition to the regular schedule of events, there was an added element of excitement in the shape of a Presidential campaign, personally conducted by his highness, the Gaylord Hawkins.

The paving of Williams Street robbed the Princetonian of stock editorial number 146, and the space had to be filled with additional sartorial salutatories and heart-to-heart talks with the University's popular barber. Sports were on the boom. More 1901 men were on the 'Varsity football squad than ever before. Duncan and Mattis were playing regularly, while Kelley, Ripley, Black, Thompson and Gardner, who was appointed captain of the scrub, were making strong bids for positions.

A few days after the opening of college the Republicans got together and organized the Republican Club of Princeton University with the following officers: President, Frank Hall; Vice-President, Water Fort; Treasurer, Mark Hanna Hawkins. Badgley and Katzenbach were of the Executive Committee. Of course Hawk could have been President had he so willed, but he preferred, like his less illustrious namesake, to be the power behind the throne. There is soon to appear a two volume work by Hawkshaw Hawkins, entitled "How to Elect a President, or the Story of a Personally Conducted Campaign."

When it came to choosing the Senior Photograph Committee Don Morrow and Lifty Lawton were unanimously elected. We all knew that they would crab in free any way and thought it better to give them their photographs outright than force them to resort to underhand means to obtain them.

At the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament at Philadelphia early in October Princeton scored her first victory of the year. Ray Little won the singles and was one of the two who won the championship in the doubles.

The party of the great unwashed were not far behind their trust-propagating brethren in organizing for the campaign. As no club is complete without Jim Jameson as an officer, he was elected chief octopus hunter. In order to have a whole man for Jim's assistant, Johnnie Brewer and Eddie Clausen were elected vice-presidents along with Wellington, Babson and Shaffer as an executive committee.

1901 came nearer than ever before to winning the Interclass Baseball Championship, being barefacedly robbed by the Philistine who essayed to umpire. Rack Lee was unceremoniously ejected from the Senior peerade for appearing at the starting point attired in nothing but a waste-paper basket, a looking-glass and a more or less intelligent smile. There is great latitude in matters of dress tolerated hereabouts, but Rack went the limit one better.

In the meanwhile the political campaign waxed hot. The Republicans had President Schurmann, of Cornell, down to give the lie to the assertions of the anti-expansionists, whereupon the latter immediately challenged the Republicans to debate. Hawkins, fearing lest the Democrats might prove right wrong, wisely refused to be dragged into any controversy.

The Honorable John Hay was the recipient of an LL.D. on Commemoration Day, Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, delivering the address of the day. At the exercises in Alexander there was a hot race between Lifty Lawton and Dittie Hutchings as to who should lead the cheers. Much to Hutch's disappointment Lifty beat him by one cheer.

Mr. Bryan's stop-over at the Junction was the signal for the outpouring of everyone irrespective of party. Then came the Democratic massmeeting in Alexander Hall given as an antidote for the Republican meeting of a few nights previous. Jameson pressed the great unwashed of Witherspoon Street into service in order to make a good showing, and when the Honorable John S. Williams stepped forward to make the speech of the evening, the horseshoe seats presented a sight fit for the gods. Fentress made a bold display of his Democracy by sandwiching himself in between Helldevil Skillman, the town drunk, and White Wings, the cabdriver. President Jame-

son modestly occupied a rear seat, and took advantage of the first McKinley cheer to escape unnoticed. Down in the front row the silver-tongued Babson was aiding a more or less inebriated exponent of Jeffersonian ideas to capture a recalcitrant balloon. Hawkins says that meeting was the strongest argument advanced for the Republican party during the whole campaign.

The football team had been getting along splendidly until rudely checked by Cornell, a habit which that University has of late become addicted to; and on Election Day we suffered another defeat, this time at the hands of Columbia. These two successive defeats brought out every man to practice and led to one of the grandest displays of college spirit ever given. There was no man of us who did not fully realize that the team was not up to the standard of former years, and the way the men cheered the team during and after both defeats, and in the final catastrophe, the Yale game, as well as the unflinching and indomitable courage with which the team itself sustained its reverses, are lasting monuments to that spirit of which we all are justly proud. Yet there were some men who did not bear up under defeat as true Princetonians should, and there was not the slightest excuse for Nigger Whitman drawing his razor on a man simply because he laughed at one of his jokes.

Just before the freezing weather set in, the mania seized the powers that be to dig up the campus in the rear of the Halls, and so, what have been facetiously styled improvements were begun.

The musical clubs soon left on their trip, of which the only unpleasant feature was the continuous intoxication of Rummy Miller.

Cuthbert Platt spent the Christmas vacation in Indianapolis with Sleuth Hound Hawkins. One morning Hawk was startled to hear his young sister addressing Cuth as Bertie. At his first opportunity he took his sister aside for a heart-to-heart on propriety, when she explained that on the previous day Cuth had come to her and begged that she call him Mr.

SENIOR YEAR

Platt no longer, and, on asking him what name she should call him, he had replied, "Oh, just call me Bertie."

During the vacation the chess team improved its position of past years by tying Harvard for second place in the tournament.

Along in January there appeared in the Kansas City Star the biography of Ralph Powell Swofford, and as it set forth some facts in the goat's college career not generally known, quotations from it follow. The article starts off with a blaring headline "Has Won High Honors. Ralph Powell Swofford of Whom Princeton is Proud." "Mr. Swofford is Editor of the Daily Princetonian, as well as the best orator, declaimer and debater in college." Then the article goes on to say that one Miss Blank, who was his teacher at school, has many pleasant memories of the lad's amiability and brightness. We are next informed how he rejoiced his soul by carrying off every available honor in school and college, and how he is putting the experience gained in editing the high school paper to good use as editor-in-chief of the Princetonian. The panegyric ends by stating that, when last in the city, his friends found him quite unspoiled by all his laurels and that he was just the same blithe, sincere, good fellow who was so popular in his boyhood. That "editor of the Princetonian" is rather hard on Anthony Hope, and it's no wonder he is grinding his molars in wrath. As for best debater Bob Steen is just itching to make a reductio ad absurdum of that statement.

For the first time in the history of Princeton athletics, a basketball team was organized on a permanent basis. Mow Forney was elected captain and Smylie Kinne manager. The team's record was excellent considering that it was Princeton's first year at the game.

In the answers to the Nassau Herald questions which were compiled about this time, there were some startling revelations. Pancoast regards himself as the brightest man in the class. Nothing like having a good opinion of yourself, Pan, but while you think Johnnie Brewer pads his shoulders most John is equally sure that that distinction belongs to you. Williams says there is no "ugliest man" and how modest and thoughtful

it was of Hungry Willis not to vote for the "best track athlete." There is no doubt in Cap Maier's mind that Soc Russell is the "worst poler," but the foxiest answer turned in was by Schuyler Smith. He voted Tight Mattis, his hated rival for prize beauty, the "most awkward man," and threw his vote for "handsomest man" to Tilly Marr. Common courtesy required that you vote for Tight, Schuyler, insomuch as he voted for you.

Speaking of courtesy some one ought to take Smylie Kinne in hand. After the last basketball game of the season, Smylie felt so vastly relieved at the shifting of the managerial responsibilities on other shoulders that he went down to Scud's to take a little rest. Later in the evening he found it necessary to go down to the railroad station. Pretty Porter happened to be standing on the platform with several ladies when Smylie passed. Pretty raised his hat, but Smylie replied with only a wave of his hand and a loud "Bye, you fellers."

On Washington's Birthday Bob Steen won the Class of '76 prize debate, and the Gym. exercises went off smoothly with Dutch Meinken in the stellar role. It was about this time, too, that Hawkins nobly earned for himself the sobriquet of Hawkshaw, and endeared himself forever in the hearts of the biddies.

John Van Lear Findlay has decided, as perhaps you know, to present himself next year at Harvard as a candidate for an A.M. John Harry Lehr one day confided to Andy Bergland that his only reason for going, aside from the fact that he was tired of Princeton, was that he couldn't think of going home where he would have to keep regular hours and couldn't come in pie-eyed every night. Strange that Senator never availed himself of that privilege here. But God speed you, John! May you find the Cambridge air more intoxicating.

There is but little history now left to tell. At New Haven Yale fell before us in debate, Hope and Steen representing the class on the team.

The Triangle Show, wholly the work of 1901 men, scored the most pronounced success in the history of Princeton dramatics, and with the baseball team started well on its way toward the championship this chronicle comes to a close.

Presentation Speech

STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

WHEN I think of what the results of this little heart-to-heart may be, I am brought to the conclusion that it would be difficult to find a more painful duty than mine.

Virtues and talents have been exhibited to admiring families and friends, and now, it has been given to me to chronicle far less acceptable subjects. Others have reared little monuments to rectitude and diligence and now comes the unwilling iconoclast, who must needs smash all the good work into very small splinters. But I beg that the parents who will presently be so sadly disillusioned and the fiancées who will later on so ruthlessly break engagements will remember that it is no pleasure to me to do this deed. Duty props me up on one side and truth upon the other. I shall tell these unvarnished tales, which have so far been unwritten chapters in the class' history, with as much regard for the finer sensibilities as possible. I shall be especially lenient toward Oom Paul, who has promised to drag me from this platform to the Brokaw Tank and there drown me if I mention the Trenton jail. I shall not remind Doc McCurdy of his approaching marriage to a belle of this town, which will enable him to call Sport Moore by the familiar title of brother-in-law. But I must do my duty within the bounds of moderation and truth, unpleasant though it be.

Now Tight Mattis, who has just brought me to your notice with such delicacy and careful regard for the truth, would hardly impress one as a disagreeable person. However, it is necessary for me to proclaim him as such, and tell you a little incident in proof of it.

Not very long ago Tight was asked to dinner at a house in town to meet some girls from the Big Burg about fifty miles up the line. We can imagine the flutter of excitement that preceded the arrival of a "perfectly lovely football man," such as our blushing friend here.

When the "perfectly lovely," etc., loomed into view, dinner had been delayed for some time, and after certain quick introductions the cortege moved on the dining-room.

By the time they were all seated, there was noticeably a volatile odor in the air such as is occasionally wafted out through swinging doors on certain street corners.

Tight, however, seemed to be oblivious of any such thing, for he was staring at the table decorations with a fixity that alarmed his hostess. She asked him what the trouble was. The Perfectly Lovely seemed to wake from his trance with difficulty.

"It reminds me," he said huskily, glancing again at the table, "it reminds me of when I used to board at the undertaker's. It was just the same—always flowers on the table and ice on the butter."

Lifty Lawton, you who have had your face in every picture, you shall not be disappointed to-day. Some of your achievements must be mentioned, others must certainly not.

You thought I was going to tell of the time you were sitting with an exquisite beauty in Lover's Lane one moonless night, and were so much interested in her conversation that a man coming along on a wheel ran over both of you. No, it isn't that one, Louie.

You see, anxious hearers, the scenes of this episode was New York, the corner of Thirty-second Street and Broadway. The hour was three by the Herald Square clock—three in the morning.

Around the corner, walking very lightly upon his toes, came Lawton of a hundred titles and a thousand metropolitan conquests. He entered the revolving doors of the Imperial, and after walking around and around between them for some eight minutes, managed to get through into the lobby.

He was at once accosted by a large and threatening night porter.

"Why," asked this individual, "do you come in here with your boots in your hand?"

Lifty regarded him and then carefully examined the boots.

"Not a word," he replied finally. "Not a word. Gordie told me he was going to bed, and if I went around to the same place again to-night I must come in very quietly."

With a Triangle Club bow he passed upstairs still upon his toes.

And, Lifty, I have something here which I took from you once and which I am going to return, being conscious stricken.

Let me read it first, won't you? It's very interesting.

"Berlin." It has a New York postmark and it's headed Berlin. Some more sleuth work for Nick Carter Hawkins.

Anyway, "Berlin,"

"Dearest Kid." I hope you don't mind, Lifty. This is that warm one from Sadie, you know.

"Dearest Kid: Why did you run away that time without your Lit. Pin? It was cruel of you when you know how much ——"

Never mind, Lifty, we'll skip that part. To proceed.

"Come back to me soon. I think I can't get through another week unless I see your dear face." Dear face, indeed. Aren't you ashamed, Lifty!

"Get a clean shave, darling, and come quick. I don't like you with that ugly stiff beard——" Beg pardon, I didn't mean to read that part.

"Your Lit. Pin is safe."

Yes, Lifty; it's safe all right. I saw the ticket myself.

Here, take the letter. Something for nothing. But don't ever get a girl infatuated with you again. You remember the one who tried to jump in the canal because you didn't love her any more?

This unfortunate love affair that I last mentioned reminds me of the experience of one Leake.

It chanced that on a dismal night Freddie came butting into a friend's room in the acme of despair. He threw himself into a chair and covered his haggard face with his hands, mess that he was.

He was asked what was wrong. Had Oom Paul taken him for a liveryman and beaten him up? No, it wasn't that.

He got up and went to the window. Then suddenly he turned and pointed out into the night, where the lights of Williams Street were twinkling, his fair young face disfigured by despair. "Look!" he cried. "Look! She's there now where those lights are; the heartless thing. I—I have just heard to-night that Carrie is engaged."

Now it was on just such a dark and dismal night that I met Hooward Saylor crossing the campus with feverish haste. I asked him whither, and he mumbled something about hurrying down to Scud's to get a cut off, passing on before I could remonstrate with him.

I thought no more of it until about eleven when I heard a solemn chant rising beneath my window. When I looked out this is what I saw:

In a trembling line three Freshmen on their knees. Before them Hooward. On Hooward's head a mitre hastily constructed from a shoebox. On Hooward's back a dressing gown of price. In Hooward's arms a puppy almost as loathsome in appearance as Sandy MacGreggor, the insane dog. And Hooward was singing with solemnity:

"Down, wretches, upon your knees and kow-tow with all reverence. I am the Priest of the much Sacred High Dog which I hold in my right hand."

This unconventionality of costume makes me think of Benny Akin. Benny is one of our June brides, but there was a time when he used to know other girls, because a man asked one about a year ago if she knew Clutch.

"Yes," said the sweet young thing, "I met him at a dance in South Orange."

"How did you like him?" asked the other air-fanner.

A look, born of some painful recollection, crossed her face.

"Well," she said positively, "I'm sure I don't like him at all in a dress suit."

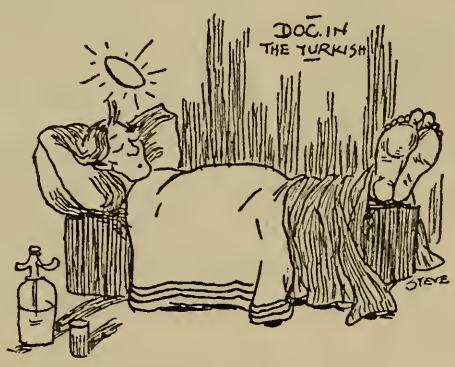
Never mind, Benny, here's something to heal the wounded feelings. It's a wedding present, Clutch, a nice bottle of perfume. It's great stuff at a dance. Don't drink it all, now; give some of it to Doc McCurdy.

Yes, Doc McCurdy, sorry as I am, I've come to you. Perhaps it's just as well to get it over anyway.

I can pass over the time you tried to choke a poor girl to death in New York. Yes, a poor working girl who toils in a market somewhere up there. I can spare you from being held up to all these knockers as father of the theory that any man can walk straight if he concentrates his mind on it.

But there is one incident that the world must know.

In the great city of New York, then, Doc was one day collecting evidence for the Committee of Fifteen. By the time he had gathered in enough to make him almost dizzy, he concluded that he could rest for a time with decency and decorum in a Turkish bath.



So to the Turkish hopped Doc, "welcoming" everyone upon the way to "Sweitzer's Home" in that genial way he has.

Now it chanced that on the next cot to our little friend there snorted another member of the Evidence Committee who had gone into a Rip Van Winkle about an hour before.

What was his surprise on being roughly awakened to see Doc clad in a sheet sitting up on the next couch with a strange glare in his eyes.

"Look there!" cried Le Soif, clutching the other's arm. "Do you see what's doing over there?"

His friend looked and saw a line of occupied cots. "I see," he replied very shortly and again composed himself to sleep. But Doc wouldn't have it that way.

"Come over with me," he said.

The other committeeman rudely inquired why.

"Why?" cried the Youngstown terror. "Why? Don't you see the woman in the green kimono giving away hooters of beer?"

I can't give you a hooter of beer, Doc, but I can give you a Bar Book.

It'll show you how to make better cocktails than the one you built with condensed milk, wood alcohol and a dash of hair-tonic. Here you are, Le Soif. But don't use that to start another Galveston Bar, please.

Speaking of Bars, it occurs to me that some mention is due to Rummy Dick Richards.

Dick is our future mortuary, the embryonic head of the coffin trust. But we won't talk about that. I'll tell you of the time when Dicky was in his bedroom putting Coke's on his head and the mail from home came tumbling through the slot.

Now this is the soak that caught Dicky when he opened the envelope with the picture of a pine box up in the corner:

"I regret exceedingly to receive from the Dean a letter saying you have been over-cutting heavily in chapel.

"I can only say one thing, that I will try to keep your shame from your little brother."

Now Dick, not long ago I was talking to a girl about you. You know the one all to the good—water-proof complexion and a smile that makes the bricks come hopping out of a wall. Yes, you know. Well, this Best Ever asked "What are you going to give Mr. Richards on Class Day?"

"I didn't know."

"Oh, my!" said your Winner impulsively, "I do wish you could give him a kiss for me!"

Now take my tip, get on your gladdest shrouds and light out for her quick.

I think you could kiss her, and I'd prefer that outcome to the other, myself.

Speaking of whiskey—sit down, Pete, sit down—speaking of whiskey, an incident in the life of George Yeungling comes to my mind.

George and Don Morrow were busting down the street and suddenly decided to cut into a booze parlor that flaunted its sign in their very faces.

They went in and stacked up to the counter. "As for me, you may decorate the mahogany with a tall shower of whiskey," said George, pulling down his waistcoat.

The refreshments were poured out and then, before George had got his hand on the glass, the white coat behind the rail reached over and tried to hand him a whisk-broom.

"For why," asked Georgie innocently.

"Well," said the adept at shakes and frappés, "I thought you might like to brush the sawdust off of a patch of floor so that after you drank all that red-eye, you could have a nice clean fit."

Here, George, here's the broom you left behind. You were so mad that you went off without drinking the hooter, but it wasn't wasted. Don was still there.

Don Morrow, Prince of Crabbers, here's a telegram. You may well start and turn pale—it shows you up shamefully. Here it is:

"To Miss ——, Bryn Mawr.

"Can endure separation no longer. Pecuniary aid necessary. Wire ten instanter. J. D. M."

And there you are. The man I have to get up ahead of every morning for fear he'll wear my clothes.

The man who went to a dance, stayed overnight at a strange house, borrowed the little boy's suit to make a front in at breakfast—having only my dress coat with him—and then—skipped out with the boy's clothes on his back.

One time Nud Linen went to Philadelphia and engaging a room at the Walton, hopped out to see the Only One.

He came back late, went upstairs and turned on the light. There was a man in his bed. He went over, leaned down, and took a look at his face. Of course! It was Don Morrow.

"I wouldn't call you up here, Don, and give you anything for the world, because if you got anywhere near the platform you'd be off with every present in the box.

Now there's another Don to deal with and he's Don Larabie, the Montana light-shooter.

Montana, you must know, is the place where they sit in the doorways these warm spring evenings and take shots at the people going into the Red Dog Saloon or Curly Mike's gambling resort. Don's just dying now to be back in Deer Lodge with a gun in each hand and a knife between his teeth, and cut loose with the boys.

A little while ago Don cut loose in New York, but it wasn't that way exactly. However, it was just as effective.

He had been up at the Imperial wearing out the divans in the leather-room since noon and it was then about ten to the dark.

The front apartment where the stuff comes from—you know, Gelston—the front room was crowded. Into this assembly presently came Don Larabie with a rush.

He landed against the counter and turned around upon the surprised bunch. Some one told him to stop and be nice.

"Be still!" shouted Don, "I'm doing the talking and I'll drill the guy who opens up his trap." They were still.

"Now," said Donald, "my father owns Kinley Mac."

There was a murmur of polite interest.

"And I will show you," continued the Western Fire Eater, "how Kinley Mac won the suburban."

He turned and left the room. The next moment there was a wild yell from without. Enter Don, head down, bounding into the air at every step and knocking old gentlemen off their feet at every yard.

Across the apartment he tore, and reaching the door in one last marvelous bound, vanished into the night. Then, from far down the street came back a faint shout to the awe-stricken crowd within:

"Kinley Mac wins—a neck-a-way."

It seems that this leather-room is the cause of a lot of trouble. Look at Ollie, now! One time I was passing through the Im-

perial and McMullen—he is, I understand, the fly cop there—McMullen came up to me and asked if I was Princeton.

Yes; I was.

"Do you know a guy," asked McMullen, "without a collar and his hat kicked in."

"Certainly not."

"Well," said the husky proposition, "come in and look anyway, it don't cost anything."

I went in. Yes, yes, it was Ollie, but goodness gracious me, how changed.

"Why," I cried, "it's Red Light Badgley!"

"Red Light for why?" asked McMullen.

"They call him that," I said, "because he has such a wide-open face."

"That helps a little," said the fly cop, "but I'm all tired out putting him back on the divan, besides, he's too strong for his age—he just tore the shirt front off a waiter because he'd asked him what he'd have."

But in his tender and less warlike moment, Ollie is great.

He has a girl in New York, and it seems she's Strong for him.

Now, Ollie said one day, "Well, men, I tell you there's no shame in love." That showed him up a bit, but it wasn't all. Never mind, Kid, it'll soon be over.

To get to the worst, he was talking with some one here about it and said:

"By Gad, lookee here. Do you know that girl's parents expect me to marry her!"

So if you've got to do it, Kid, here's the ring. It's a very fine solitaire—you can part your hair by it.

But don't soak it the way you did Jim McLean's watch and give the poor girl the ticket instead.

And now, Oom Paul, I have you. Your imposing front will avail you very little for it is my sad duty to treat you with no leniency whatever.

If I should stop and tell you, good folks, each several incident in which Oom, beater-up and beatee, has figured you

would have to have dinner served right here, those, that is, who didn't get disgusted and leave.

I'll pass over your performances as a stair-diver. I won't tell how you tried to drown the poor, delicate little fellow in Cairo. How did you ever get to Cairo, anyway, Oom? I need merely mention the relative you met at Kingston or Stony Brook, who took you home and then, at the dinner table got the D. T.'s for your amusement.

Oom, here is a little something I have saved for you.

Only a bottle of witch-hazel, but then——

When a girl came to you as you languished in the Trenton Bastile, and was so kind to you, you shouldn't have left her gift behind. Believe me!

I sent down and got it specially for you. Here it is. What's that? What are you growling about? Outside? Afterwards? Bite me, why don't you—go on, I had myself appraised just before I came in here.

Likewise Lynn, the other one. Both the Brokaws have been known to run together a good deal so we may take Lynn now.

One time Doc McCurdy and Lynn were up in an apartment they had procured at enormous expense in the metropolis, and Lynnus decided that yes, the room was cold.

So he got a big pile of Sunday newspapers and started a fire in the middle of the floor.

The proprietor arrived presently, apparently put out. Lynn told him he was cold, but it didn't go. Then Lynn lost all patience. As he tells the story: "You see, I took the old geezer"—pardon the vulgarity—Lynn's, not mine—"old geezer and jammed him up against the wall. His arms were so short he couldn't reach me and I got him good.

"But by and by some waiters came along. Their arms were regular length. I had to leave. They threw my hat out, however. The pavement's pretty hard though, around Twenty-ninth Street way."

Lynn, wasn't that the time you and Doc, and Pete Morrow, and Father Brady, and Buck Euwer went up to the meeting of the Eileen Club? I think yes.

I don't know why I should mention Mow Forney here, except that he belongs to the Eileen Club, too. Mow is very particular about a girl's conduct—I'll give you an example.

We were talking about a girl, that is, Mow was talking, the rest were listening.

"But then," said Mow frowning, "but then, sometimes I think she doesn't like me very much. And, hang it, she's indifferent. Why sometimes when I kiss her, she eats peanuts all the time, and they get in my mouth and I don't like it."

It's a shame Mow—it certainly is. Come up here and I'll give you something that may help some.

Here it is. Now, the next time you kiss her, do kiss her through this strainer.

But this girl business is a bad one. It was on account of a girl that Father Brady, our truthful historian, was made into a shocking mess.

That is, if Father had never gone up to town to buy an engagement ring for Miss Jocelyn all would have gone well.

But he went—it was your own fault, Father.

Father had gotten the ring and given it up, and been rewarded by a nice kiss on the forehead.

Then he started out deliberately to give an imitation of the Absinth-minded Beggar.

He performed about town for the habitués of various thirst parlors all evening, and the next morning he showed up suddenly before the bunch with a very frightened look in his eyes of Irish blue; that is, in as much of them as could be seen.

He entered the café, thus, and sank into a chair.

"Breakfast, Father?" asked Doc, who, as usual, was eating his own and all the rest.

"I'm much obliged," said Father, turning away suddenly.

Then presently, "I think I'm going to die," he said.

No one else thought so.

"Yes," murmured Division Brady. "Yes, I'm going to. As I was coming up Broadway I heard a voice calling, calling: 'Father, Father!' and when I turned around, there was no one there!"

Oom said that when he hears them, he takes pepsin and ammonia.

While we're discussing corsets—is Latta here? Well, while we're discussing corsets—pardon me, every one, but we may speak of them, I suppose? They are more or less interesting historically.

Latta, you know, can tell a straight front, black satin "Dowager" from a Ferris waist at a glance. I'll tell you why.

He was at some sea-side place last summer where it was all sand, golf girls, and floats, and it bored him.

He wanted something to do. So he began to wander around till he found something that kept him busy and happy.

A friend came down to see him and instead of sending up his card from the office, hopped right up to his room.

There was the gifted author sitting in a rocker, inserting the indispensable laces into a pair of them.

The friend sat down upon the nearest object—a trunk.

"Grissie!" he cried, "are you bug-house?"

"Fudge, no; not at all."

"Then wherefore this nuts performance, if I am not presuming?"

Latta put down the garment, if it may be so called.

"I'll tell you," he said. "There's a lady here—a widow. She allows me to do these little things for her. It's amusing. And isn't it nice of her to let me?"

Here, Red Raven, here's a pair for you. Likewise the strings.

It will bring back the roar of the surf to your mind, won't it? No, you don't have to put them on and wear them.

While we're on summer vacations, we may say a few words perhaps about one Cornell.

Cornie, it seems, was out camping or doing something in that line of a fine summer vacation, and one day he stepped on a snake in the brush. Cornie let out a yell that brought his disreputable confrères to the spot almost at once.

When they arrived there was the insatiable card-shuffler lying upon the ground holding his leg, while the snake was

doing his last threshings some feet away. A large bottle of whiskey was at once affixed to the wounded man's face and tilted.

Cornie maintained the elevation of the bottle for some time, remembering that nothing is so good for bites as genuine red-eye.

But this game didn't entirely appeal to his friends.

"It's about time to unglue your mouth, Cornie," said one. "You could antidote a whole snake cage with what you've had."

Cornie lay still and looked very reproachfully at the speaker.

"I'll die then," he said, blowing out a fine, rich breath.

"Not!" replied the rest. "For one bite, what you've had is a decided plenty."

Cornie raised himself on his elbow, a sudden inspiration shining in his eyes.

"What!" he cried, "enough for one bite, you say? Here, get that dam' snake and let 'im bite me again!"

Now there's Buck Euwer, too. A man who at times can't tell a cake of tar soap from a plug of tobacco! What more can you expect, after that performance of his at the Rossmore in the city?"

You know Buck was there not long ago—meeting of the Eileen Club—and put up at the Rossmore. All right so far.

He came in very, very late, or very early, just as you want to look at it. How he came in I am happily unable to say although I've heard that it was diverting to a degree.

Anyway, when he came downstairs next morning he found a card in his mail box with the following inscription:

"The Enbaum Sanitarium cures permanently the drink habit."

Fortunately I have some proof of my remarks, although in an indirect way.

Now it chanced that Buck and Pete Morrow and, of course, Thirsty John, went to Trenton a while ago.

Before they went I pleaded earnestly with them not to, holding up the horrible example of Oom Paul.

No, they would go.

I saw them off with tears in my eyes and started around to collect bail money.

Next morning, the following postal dropped through the mail slot (postmarked Trenton):

"Oh me Stevie:—

" 'Tis yours to sorrow and ours to enjoy. I fear you can't enjoy life as it came. Here we sit, band playing and fair dames all around and around, while the drinks come fast. I pray that they may always so come. ONLY BUCK.

Here is the postal. Bath-house, float and get it.

And here at last is that $80 you lost in New York.

Don't spend it all in one place.

This little money transaction makes me think of Davy Dana. Not more than a year ago, I think, Davy lit a cigarette with a dollar bill and sauntered down from his butcher-shop lodgings onto Nassau Street.

There stood Henry Hawkins, the Boy Sleuth, suspiciously watching an altercation going on across the street between Dog Harris and Sandy MacGreggor.

To him, Davy.

"Look here, Mark," said the youthful Russell Sage of Lenox, "look here, where's that fifty cents I lent you yesterday?"

Henry Hawkins reluctantly produced the specie, which Davy bit, rang on the sidewalk and then pocketed.

"I'm sorry to ask you for it," said Davy, "but you see, I'm going to Bermuda to-morrow and I may need it for change when I get there." I hope, Davy, you won't get reckless and blow yourself with it.

While we're talking about coin—we may talk of it even if we don't have it, I suppose?—I'm reminded of one of Cap Schaff's famous or rather notorious deals.

It chanced that there came one time to Princeton a small person of Semitic extraction who was desirous of buying clothes. What evil fortune led him to the robber's room I don't know.

He came in and stood behind Cap, who was adding up his ill-gotten gains from that very finest of periodicals, the Tiger. In a modest and inoffensive manner he made known his business.

The wild boy from Pittsfield leaped up and locked the door.

"Well," he cried, "have I got you at last?"

By the expression on the small Hebrew's face it was evident that he had.

"Now listen to me," said Schaff, seating himself on a pile of Stanlaws Girls and taking a gun from the table drawer, "I am the proctor of this University."

The buyer of once-proud rags allowed his teeth to chatter noisily.

"And you," said Cap grimly, "are doing business in this building without a permit."

The other turned a pale-green as he regarded the gun muzzle.

"It is," continued Cap, "a State's prison offense. I don't know why I don't drag you up to town and turn you into the jug right now."

He got up and strode about apparently in deep thought, while the poor foreigner shook his shirt studs onto the floor. Finally Cap turned on him.

"Have you a mother?" he asked.

Yes, the Jew had one.

"Then," said Schaff, his voice slightly touched with emotion, "then I will try to be lenient. It's pretty late to do this, but I will write you out a permit now—for $5.

Ten minutes later Cap was seen hot-footing it over the well-worn path that leads to scud's.

There was another time when Schaff was not yet engaged in writing daily letters to Smith College, that he went to a meeting of the Anheuser Social Club down in the woods. The occasion, as far as I can learn, was highly successful and some hours later Schaff tacked into the Brokaw Tank—the building, this time—and announced his intentions of taking a shower.

Father Brady reports the incident as follows, being an eye witness:

"I was just going to dive into the tank and break the crust when I heard the Yankee's voice behind me:

" 'Well, Brady—come and take a shower on me!'

"I turned around and saw Cap. Yes, he was under the shower, and rubbing on the soap in an aimless sort of way.

"But it wasn't doing him much good as far as I could see.

"No, not much. He hadn't taken anything off, not even his hat."

While the subject of baths is uppermost, some slight mention is due perhaps to Cal Fentress.

Cal used to go to a prep. school where the authorities had the disagreeable habit of making everyone take a bath once a week.

The repentant Bad-Un chafed under petty restrictions of this sort, and did all in his power to shake off the shackles of discipline.

One day he made a confession to a room full of fellows with obvious pride.

No, he had not taken a bath for five weeks, by gorry! He'd fooled 'em.

No one said very much, but when there was some talk at dinner of having the plumbing attended to, several looked darkly at Calvin.

That night, when all was dark and still, a line of shadowy figures filed into the room of the Reformed.

The struggle was short—and then justice was done.

The moon, peeping from behind a cloud lit up the negligee figure of the antagonist of discipline, suspended by a rope outside of his window, while a succession of water pitchers discharged their contents over him.

But there are some people that take naturally to water. Smilie is one.

Back in Freshman year, Smiles repaired to the Basin with some nice boys to spend the afternoon. Along towards dinner time Strap disappeared.

Now the féte was being pulled off beside a stream which, rumor hath, is the very finest of mud holes.

After some time Smilie appeared suddenly on the far side of this noble body of water *en deshabille*.

He bawled across to his friends that he had been swimming in the canal and would join the rest after he had thrown his clothes across.

The boots sailed over in very fair form. The coat landed on the bank by a hair's breadth, but the shirt spread open in midair and sank upon the rippling bosom of the creek.

Without a moment's hesitation, Smilie, grasping his trousers, waistcoat and other accessories firmly in his hand, leaped into the water and rescued the garment amid deafening applause from the bank.

When he reached the crowd, he laid down his trophy with a smile of pride.

"That shirt," he said fondly—"why, I had that shirt on the first time I ever saw my girl. You don't think I'd let it sink, do you?"

There's another shirt episode, Gordie Beaham, the Rude Bird of Dod Hall, being the hero.

Well, Gordie, do you remember the time you passed through the door beneath the Green Sign, rashly wearing a dinner coat, and how you became so bored during the evening that you sat over by Mike's Station and, just to pass the time, wrote on your shirt front such things as "Bring another" and "May, I love you?" No! Well, here's the shirt, Gordie, come and get it.

I got it myself with great difficulty. The bosom is all I saved. I think the rest was superfluous.

And while I'm at it, I have something for you, Eddie Clausen. No, it hasn't anything to do with your numerous performances as a cab-driver. Come up and you can have it, or them, rather.

You see, it is a couple of keys. You can hang them up on the wall beside the "Two Men and a Half" sign. If you want you can name one of the keys Margaret and the other May—I

don't know which you'll prefer. Remember, they're not altogether skeleton keys, Eddie.

I think it was the night that Doc Hyde came home and found lots of keyholes in the door, but no keys to put in them? Yes, I'm quite sure it was that night that Bartlett went to call on a girl whose father happened to be out and whose mother happened to be engaged at the time, thus leaving the way clear for the girl to offer Lawrence something in the thirst-killing line without interruption.

"Mr. Bartlett," said the damsel, "I've found some beer and some brandy, or I can make you a punch. Which would you rather have?"

Lawrence came to the scratch with an agility worthy of Keg Miller, the Glee Club debauché.

"Why," he said politely, "if it's all the same to you, I'll drink the beer now, and then I can be getting at the brandy while you're mixing up the punch."

This calling business gets people into a good deal of trouble sometimes.

Look at Johnnie McWilliams. One time Johnnie went up to call at a Professor's house in town—the same place where Dicky Richards has his meal ticket.

When he and a couple of other hungries, on invitation of course, stampeded into the dining-room to inhale a few eats, the Professor's wife took Butcher-Shop Mac aside for a moment.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. McWilliams," said this lady, "but you must take things as you find them this evening. You see, my maid says that she met you at a dance somewhere in town, and when she heard you were here, she was very much confused and refused to serve supper."

And by the way, come up now, John, and get that photograph that you lost a while ago.

The lady is on the stage I understand? Quite so. You notice it still says under it:

"After our little supper, how could I be anything but your sincere friend——" I'll withhold the name.

SENIOR PEERADE.

Don't let Davy get hold of it—he might sell it. The autograph is worth something perhaps.

You know there is a little tale of a certain time that Lynn Dickinson went out to delight an especially attractive belle of his town, by his conversation, and opened up a rambling and disjointed talk on the veranda.

There was a fair wind blowing, and the girl moved her chair two or three times in a sort of restless manner.

Finally, "Have you any Sen-Sen, Mr. Dickinson?" she asked.

Mr. Dickinson thought he had.

She seemed to be pleased to hear it. Then she said, "Mr. Dickinson, would you mind taking a little bit of it?"

One night up in Newark, Steve Plum, with a very strong Sen-Sen breath, was pirouetting along the street when he came to a large building out of which a stream of people was issuing.

Steve leaned against the ever-faithful lamp-post and watched the crowd till he noticed that Sam Dodd had come out with the rest and was piking along not ten feet from him.

Steve ran up and slapped him jovially on the back.

"Good-night, Sam!" he piped, leaning affectionately over his friend's waistcoat. "How was the show?"

Sam looked at him with suspicion that deepened to conviction.

"Wot show?" he asked severely.

Steve regarded him reproachfully out of a fishy eye.

"Wot show? Don't try to put the con to me, boy. The show you just left, o' course. I saw you come out o' the theatre with the rest."

Sam turned and regarded the building he had just left.

"Huh!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Ayway, Steve—ayway and to bed. That's no theatre—that's the Erie Station."

Yes, it was this same Sam Dodd who was talking to a girl one time and, among other things, said:

"I wish I could stop biting my finger nails. I'd like to, but it's a habit. Do you know anything I could do?"

She looked at him with a faint smile of interest and pity.

"Why," she said, the peaches and cream proposition that she was, "why don't you try biting your toe-nails for a change?"

And now a scene of mirth, gaiety and beauty.

It was Lady's Night at the Princeton Undergraduates' Club of New York.

All the talent and learning of Princeton was there, likewise the patrician loveliness of Captain Flood's Peerless Precinct.

Up in the balcony the fair Miss Barry had just promised to take care of certain moneys for one Boo Brower that he might not spend them rashly.

On the floor below, simultaneously with the blowing of a whistle, Doc Derr and Mrs. Derr had rushed onto the floor, preparing for a Caledonian.

George Boynton, the Negro Suffrage Leader, was just entering the door, having had his season ticket punched for the seventy-third time.

Oom had landed at the bottom of the stairs once more. Anthony Hope was writing Princetonian editorials in a box. Jimmie Jameson was begging the band leader to play "Break the News to Mother."

And then, in the midst of all this decorous celebration, a hush fell on the assembly.

The music stopped, the laughter ceased, the bonmots, epigrams and badinage were arrested, for there in the middle of the floor stood the emaciated but irreproachable floor manager, his hand raised. Then in the silence he called:

"A telegram for Mr. W. B. Fort!"

I imagine that it was from the Undergraduate's Club that Wib Black repaired to the Turkish, the night that Ike Walton went up the telegraph pole.

Wib asked Ike—I think it was Wib—why he was up there.

"Be still," said Ike severely, "I'm up here to get fresh air, that's what."

But to follow Black and the story on to the Turkish, at any rate.

Wib managed to evade the clerk at the desk and by good fortune, finally found himself on the edge of the plunge. Here he prepared to do an Oom Paul into the water.

An attendant ran up just as he was swinging loose.

"Wait," cried that person, catching him by the arm, "can you swim?"

Black turned and glared at the man fiercely.

"Tush, Tish, and likewise Fudge!" he exclaimed sulphurously. "What a question! Watch me."

With these words he sprang into the air, described a series of curves and gyrations and landed on the water with an astonishing amount of noise.

Then he sank majestically, and on reaching the bottom composed himself comfortably and rested there. Later he said, it is reported, that when he was not too sleepy, he could swim like a fish.

There is a very fitting present it seems to me coming to Rack Lee, who was playing a whist game with a couple of blue-chinned, pink-shirted strangers on the train coming east.

It is the same old story. One of the card flappers remarked that, my, what a fine poker hand had he. Rack said it was funny, but so did he.

The man, in a friendly and sportsmanlike manner, offered to bet Rack that he could beat his.

No, Rack thought not. The money was put up, and the showdown——

Well, yes, Lee had all the kings, but the other fellow had all the aces, likewise the money.

Here, Rack, come up and get these. A fine bunch of lilacs to tie under your chin. Put those on, and you're the most finished come-on that ever bought a gold-brick or had the sachels changed on him.

Every one, however, is liable at times to make mistakes in his man.

Take, for example, the case of Dittie Hutchings. He went

up to Newport to visit some people, and skipped around to a dance the night he got there.

He entered into the spirit of the thing from the first—went around to everyone and told them all who he was and where he was from.

By and by he drifted downstairs to the pool-room where there was an article in evening clothes holding up the wall whom Dittie hadn't seen before.

Now, up to him hopped the able writer of communications to the Princetonian.

"Sir," he said, "my name is Hutchings—I'm a Princeton man."

The other looked at him politely

"Are you?" he said finally, "my name is Jenkins—Hi'm a waiter."

And to see Dittie now, redolent with sanctity and with the seminary yawning before him, who would think that there was a time back in Sophomore year when he carried the remains of a rarebit downstairs from a friend's room—he attired only in the elation of the moment—and poured the plateful of melted cheese through a professor's letter-slot, crying out that it would be a shame for him to have none when there was so much to spare.

There's another man who made a show of himself once, though not voluntarily, and he's Vondermuhl.

It was on a warm spring night—ah, Lifty, them spring nights!

Vondy was out by Lover's Lane with a little girl who was all the world to him.

For a long time they sat very close together—so that they could talk the better—and heard the crickets chatter in the grass around them, and smelt the cool damp wood smell, and felt the mosquitoes light delicately on their ankles.

But by and by Vondy loosed her clinging arms from about his neck.

"I must go, dearest," he breathed ever so softly in her coral ear. And she—"Oh, Vondy, must you go?" in a voice that was something between a sob and a sigh.

Then there was one last, long embrace and he turned to go.

"Good-night, Vondy," she called after him tenderly.

And then from a near-by hedge, a chorus of loud, gruff voices:

"Good-night, Vondy!"

Right along this same old path, where so many tender passions have had their birth, a man came upon Nance Gardner, and, himself unseen, heard that worthy reciting to himself these lines of glowing prose, in a voice shaking with emotion:

"If ever it be given to a young man, in the freshness of his youth, to love a noble woman, let him give that passion full sway and it shall prove to him an unending source of inspiration."

One night in New York, Pete Morrow, urged on by the "unending inspiration" of the Imperial Café, decided to take a hurry trip, aye, even unto Berlin.

I won't weary you by his journey, and the obstacles he encountered on the way, but when he arrived there, he was in no amiable frame of mind.

He came to the chateau of one Edwarts, whose name indeed is synonymous with Berlin, and bursting in with a rather unconventional manner, began a still hunt for someone to talk to. By the time he had arrived at the fourth and, as I understand, the last floor, his patience was exhausted and his boots were decorating the door panels with vasty cracks.

Suddenly there appeared before him three men.

"Back!" they said very shortly, "back to the corset factory! You are altogether too rude to be at large."

Pete was for arguing the point, but the three would have none of it.

"Take *this* stair, please," asked one Berliner politely, and with a rattle that was swift and loud, Pete was on the third floor.

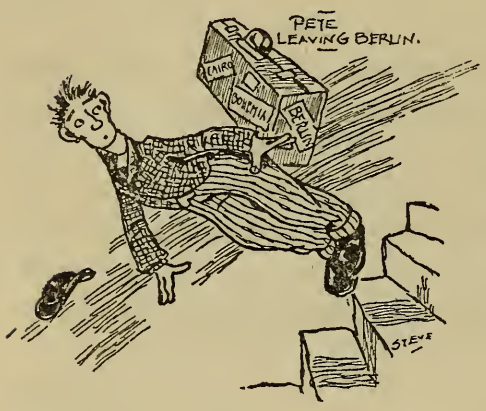
Another husky was waiting there apparently risen from the ground.

"I have forgotten my shoes," explained this gentleman gently, "so pardon me if I fail to accompany you to the street.

There was another rattle and then another still.

For some reason Pete had not even hesitated at the second floor.

On the first landing he met two waiters who bowed and approached him diffidently.



"This door out," they said deferentially.

A moment's passage through the air and the cobblestones hit the pride of Newark in twenty-three places.

Out of an upper window leaned Herr Edwarts, the Boss Berliner.

"If you had only had a friend now waiting out there," he remarked with real concern in his voice, "a friend with, say, a mattress." The window closed and all was still along the Strasse Twenty-nine.

Here, Pete, is a mattress. Don't forget it the next time you travel.

Something like that happened to Frank Hall in the same town, when the manager of a certain Dime Museum to which Frank had repaired for a chaste, educational time, had no objection to his pulling the India Rubber Man's leg, but drew the line at his sticking pins in the Fat Lady. The lady, too, I understand, had a slight kick coming.

There was a time, long ago, when Emery Katzenbach went to call on some Vassar girl, I believe, whose father had just that evening opened a large box of Egyptian cigarettes.

Emery thought they were very fair.

He'd sit and talk to the girl for a while and then lightstep into the next room where papa was sitting by the cigarettes, light a fresh one, and hoof back.

This kept up till pretty late—the girl was very interesting, I understand, Emery?

By and by, on about the eighteenth trip, Emery, strange to

say, began to feel something like a crabber, a sensation that I am sure that Don Morrow never experienced.

He stopped by papa's chair as he was lighting the nineteenth.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that if I keep on, I'll smoke all your Egyptians up."

The old gentleman looked at Emery and then at the clock.

"Young man," said he, "I imagine in that case you'll have to do a tall line of smoking in the next fifteen minutes."

Now, Bobby Rice, not that anything like that ever happened to you, but you must remember the time you went to Vassar to the dance?

Yes, Bobby came back with much talk luridly accentuated about the time he'd had.

Asked a friend, "Did you see my sister there?"

Bobby replied in that ingenuous way he has:

"Naw, I didn't see yer sister. W'y, she was off all the time singin' with some chloral society!"

That was Poughkeepsie, you know, Bob, not Paterson, where Kinne comes from.

"I cannot very well see my way clear to pass over Pen Adamson, member of the Eileen Club, although to save him as much pain as possible, I'll hasten this unpleasant episode.

The last train had just pulled in from New York.

Jim, the janitor, was standing in the arch of Blair looking down toward the station, when he saw a figure, hatless and with flying coat, come bounding up the marble steps, muttering strange words. It was Pen, originator of the Humpbacked Girl, but who would have known him?

His eyes fell on Jim, and he bounded toward him.

"Jim," he cried, "Jim, stop them! There! They've followed me all the way from New York."

Jim followed the direction of his shaking finger.

"Certainly," he said with visions of pursuing creditors, "stop who?"

"Who?" cried Pen. "Why, you can see them—the little purple dogs that are chasing me. Here they come—I'm off!" And he was gone around the corner.

L. of C.

Here's one, Pen, come and catch him. Quite like old times to see one again, isn't it? He won't bite you, you know, being only a mental phenomenon.

And now, perhaps, it is as well to stop.

My hideous work has already insured me a free cot in the nearest hospital an hour from now.

So, my long-suffering hearers, when you see me presently carried thither slowly and decently upon a shutter, fresh from the avenging hands of Oom Paul and others, don't ask, as the procession passes you:

"Was that man's speech meant to be a funny one?"

1901 Class Notices

To the Men of 1901

All members and ex-members of this big class will greatly oblige the Class Secretary if they will inform him as soon as they can where they may be reached by mail next year; and what they are doing, and anything else that may concern them which will be of interest to their classmates, no matter how trivial it may seem to the man who sends it. This request for promptness applies with as much force to answers to any communication you may receive from the undersigned. In fact this is essential if you wish the class record to be complete and authentic. The efficiency of the Class Secretary to the members of the class depends largely on the help he receives from each man in the class.

Trusting that you will do your part, I assure you I will try my best to do mine.

Yours truly,

FRANK L. JANEWAY, 2d,

During the summer: 78 Easton Avenue,
New Brunswick, N. J.

Next year:
Murray-Dodge Hall, Princeton, N. J.

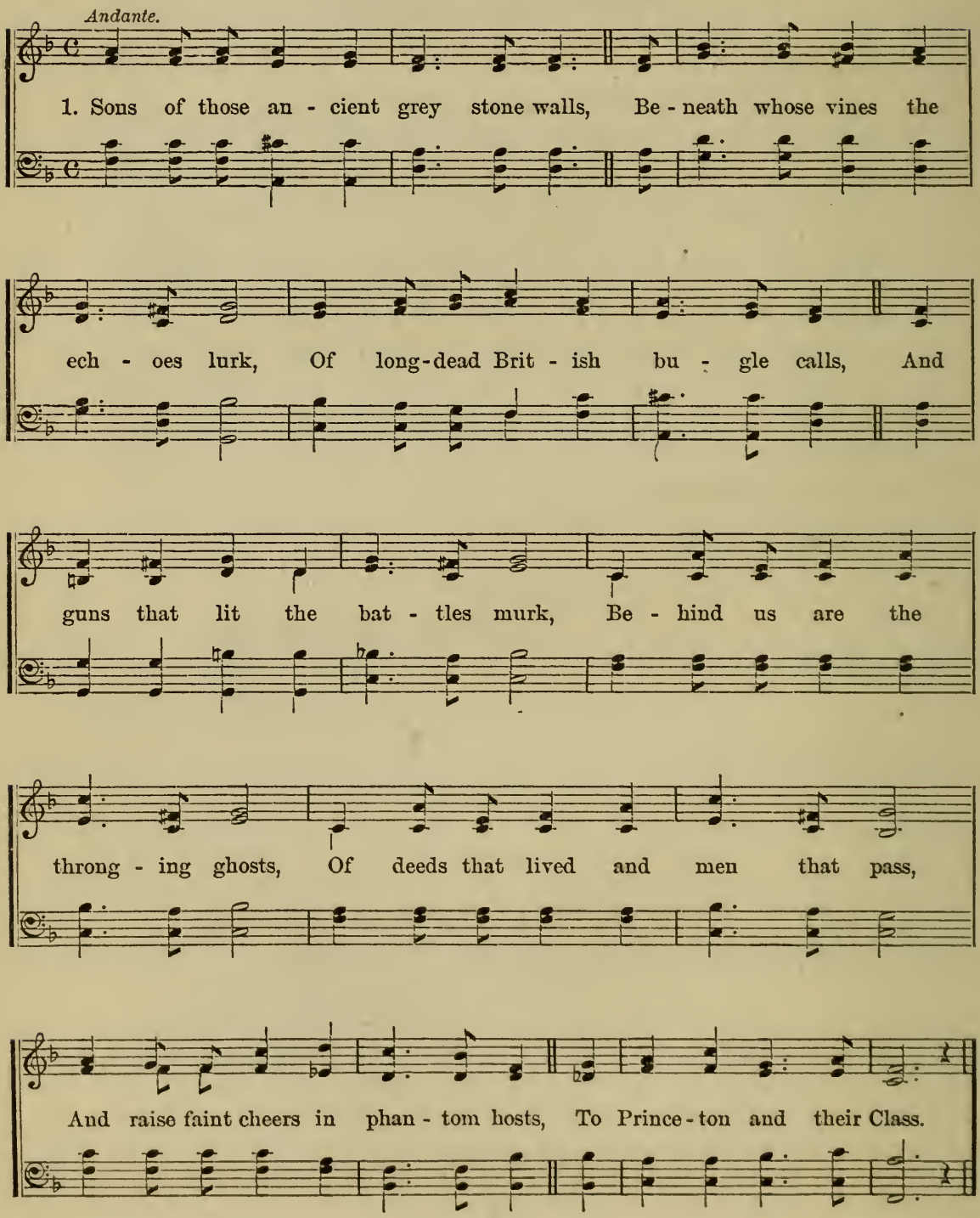
The Nineteen-Hundred-and-One Decennial Memorial Fund

Contributions for this fund should be sent to

FRANK I. LINEN, Chairman,
622 Jefferson Avenue,
Scranton, Pa.

1901 Class Ode.

Words by Stephen F. Whitman. Music by Howard M. Saylor.


Andante.
1. Sons of those an - cient grey stone walls, Be - neath whose vines the
ech - oes lurk, Of long-dead Brit - ish bu - gle calls, And
guns that lit the bat - tles murk, Be - hind us are the
throng - ing ghosts, Of deeds that lived and men that pass,
And raise faint cheers in phan - tom hosts, To Prince - ton and their Class.

1901 Class Ode

I

Sons of those ancient grey-stone walls
  Beneath whose vines the echoes lurk
Of long dead British bugle-calls
  And guns that lit the battle's murk,—
Behind us are the thronging ghosts
  Of deeds that lived, and men that pass
And raise faint cheers, in phantom hosts
  To Princeton and their Class.

II

The spirit of Nassau lives on
  Beneath the elms that nod goodby
To us, as to those men long gone
  Guarding it till they came to die;
And when the silence closes round
  Our mute farewell, it comes to pass
A whisper rises from the ground:
  "For Princeton and the Class."

III

Brothers, our feet are passing through
  The gates that point the Unknown Way—
Among the paths we loved and knew
  We are the men of yesterday;
But looking backward through the tears,
  We swell that echo from the Past
That floats across the buried years:
  "For Princeton,—and our Class."

IN MEMORIAM

James Norman McLeod

Charles Harold Wilson

Edward Franklin Powel

Statistics

Class of 1901 Statistics

ABBREVIATIONS .....

A. B...*Academic.*
B. S. ..*Scientific.*
Sp. ....*Special.*
C. E...*Civil Engineer.*
E. E...*Electrical Engineer.*
M. E...*Mechanical Engineer.*

Pub. .....*Publisher.*
C. .....*Clio.*
W. .....*Whig.*
Arn'd'm .....*Arnoldism.*
Lib. .....*Liberal*
Bus. .....*Business.*

R. R. .....*Railroading.*
Unit. .....*Unitarian.*
Unde. .....*Undecided.*
Jour. .....*Journalism.*
G. Dem.....*Gold Democrat.*
Min.....*Ministry.*

Mill. .....*Milling.*
Ranch. ....*Ranchman.*
Mug. .....*Mugwump.*
D. Ref.....*Dutch Reformed.*
Cong.....*Congregationalist.*
Meth.....*Methodist.*

Arch. .....*Architecture.*
St. Bkr. .....*Stock Broker.*
Qua. .....*Quaker.*
Lu.....*Lutheran.*
Anar. .....*Anarchist.*
Chem.....*Chemistry.*

NAME.	Course of Study.	RESIDENCE.	Room in College.	Birthday.	Weight.	Height.	Intended Profession.	Religious Preference.	Politics.	Society.	Favorite Author.	Favorite Study.	Familiarity.
Adams, Arthur H.....	A B	Wyalusing, Pa.....	13 W. W.....	Aug. 8, '79	155	5-11¾	M. E...	.....	Rep ...	C	Stevenson.....	Math.	Poler.
Adamson, Penrhyn S.....	Sp	Mt. Pleasant House, Dundee, Scotland	31 B.....	Mch. 19, '77	160	5- 8	Pub....	Arn'd'm.	Lib....	C	DeQuincey....	Girls	Pen.
Aitken, John	A B	28 W. 54th St., New York City.	9 L. P.	Sept. 24, '79	167	6- 1⅜	Bus ...	Epis.....	Ind....	C	Longfellow....	History	Toppy, Twif.
Akin, Benjamin	B S	714 W. 5th St., Des Moines, Ia.	110 Nassau St..	July 29, '77	173	6- 1	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Oliver Optic ..	History	Ben, Benny, Clutchy.
Allen, George Henry V.....	C E	Fair Haven, Vt.....	15 S. W.	July 11, '78	146	5-10	Bus ...	.....	Rep ...	C	Stockton	Geodesy.....	Rusty.
Armstrong, N. Bruce.....	C E	147 Prospect St., Hagerstown, Md.	5 S. W. B.	June 6, '80	142	5- 8¼	R. R ..	Pres.....	Dem...	W	Jas. Allen	Geodesy.....	Blit, Bruster, Army.
Babson, William A.....	B S	South Orange, N. J.....	8 S. W. B.	May 10, '79	154	5-11½	Law...	Unit.....	Dem...	W	Tennyson.....	Biology.....	Babbie.
Bachenheimer, Leon J.....	A B	349 Chestnut St., Columbia, Pa.	14 M. D.	Oct. 15, '78	154	5-11¼	Law...	.....	Rep ...	W	Kipling.....	Law.....	Bach.
Badgley, Oliver K.....	A B	90 Midland Av., Montclair, N.J.	5 U. P.	Mch. 22, '78	158	5-10½	.....	Epis.....	Rep ...	C	Stockton	.....	Ollie, Bol.
Baker, James, Jr.....	A B	Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y..	12 N. M. R....	Dec. 21, '78	175	6- 3½	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Stevenson.....	English	Jim, Jamie.
Baldwin, Julius L.....	A B	Rochester, N. Y.....	37 S. Ed.	Mch. 19, '76	149	5-10¾	Law...	Meth....	Ind....	W	Barrie.....	Law	Mark, Julius.
Bamman, Franklyn G.....	A B	605 Lake Av., Asbury Park, N.J.	41 B.	Sept. 24, '79	172	5-11¼	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Thackeray	.. ..	Bam, Bamit.
Bartholomew, Abram G.....	A B	254 Connecticut St., Buffalo, N. Y.....	10 S. E. B.	Oct. 16, '78	155	5- 8¼	Law...	Pres.....	Dem...	W	Stevenson	Eng. Lit.....	Bart.
Bartlett, Lawrence S.....	A B	New Richmond, Wis.....	54 B.	Mch. 19, '79	160	5-11	Med...	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Kipling.....	English	Bart.
Bates, Arthur H.....	B S	22 Lawn Av., Middletown, Ct.	7 E. W.....	Apr. 6, '78	138	5-10¼	Bus ...	Bapt.....	Rep ...	C	Scott	Biology	Batey.
Batt, C. Strawder.....	A B	Tarrytown, N. Y.....	22 L.....	July 30, '79	182	5-11	Unde..	.....	Rep ...	W	Shakespeare ..	History	Strawberry

Batting, William H.....A B	62 Gates Av., Montclair, N. J..	14 S. W.....	Nov. 25, '79	171	6- ¾	Law...	Bapt.....	Rep ...	C	Scott.....	History	Bat, Billy, Bill.
Beaham, Gordon T.....B S	Independence, Mo.....	15 S. D.....	June 26, '77	190	6- ¾	Bus ...	.....	Rep ...	W	Kipling.....	Chemistry.....	Biff.
Belden, Mead Van Z.....A B	618 W. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.....	5 U. P.	Oct. 28, '79	145	5-11⅜	Law...	Epis.....	Rep ...	C	Scott.....	History	Pop.
Benson, R. Lawrence.....B S	2107 Walnut St., Phila., Pa....	7 N. D.....	Feb. 4, '80	180	5- 9	Bus ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	....	Poe.....	Am. Lit.	Barry.
Berghaus, V. Hummel, Jr..A B	Waverly, N. Y.....	16 E. W.	Sept. 8, '79	148	5- 8¼	Jour...	Epis.....	G. Dem	W	Scott.....	Theism	Bergie.
Bergland, E. Leonard.....B S	1116 N. Charles St., Balto., Md.	42 B.	June 17, '81	175	6- 2½	E. E...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Dickens.....	Chemistry.....	Aunty.
Bernhard, John A.....A B	Rahway, N. J.....	3 N. Ed.	Dec. 13, '78	125	5- 6	Law...	Pres.....	Dem ..	C	Thackeray	Bible	Sarah.
Besoré, Charles DeF.....A B	Waynesboro, Pa.....	15 W. W.....	Nov. 12, '80	142	6- ¾	Law...	Epis.....	Rep ...	W	Longfellow....	History.....	Moose.
Black, Witherbee..... Sp	228 Madison Av., N. Y. City...	72 B.	Nov. 12, '79	196	6- ¾	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Longfellow....	Anatomy	Wib.
Blake, Eli J.....A B	57 N. 7th St., Newark, N. J....	9 S. M. R.	June 2, '79	155	5-10	Bus ...	.....	Dem ..	C	Stevenson.....	Epistemology .	Buck.
Bowlby, Harry L.....A B	Asbury, N. J.....	10 N.	Jan. 26, '74	130	5- 6	Min ...	Pres.....	Ind....	C	Macaulay	Juris. and Pol.	Bowlb.
Boynton, George H.....A B	272 Rawson St., Atlanta, Ga....	6 S. W. B.	Apr. 26, '80	145	5- 8	Mill ...	Meth....	G. Dem	W	Thackeray	History	Bobbye.
Brady, Edmund J.....A B	1113 K St., N.W., Washington, D. C.....	22 B.	Apr. 30, '80	145	5- 9½	Law...	Cath.....	Rep ...	....	Thackeray	English	Bill.
Breckenridge, W. L.....A B	80 High St.,Hoosick Falls, N.Y.	9 N. R.....	Nov. 9, '76	134	5- 8	Teach .	Bapt	Dem ..	C	Thackeray	Math.	Billy, Breck.
Brewer, John.....A B	Rockville, Md.....	16 B.	Dec. 9, '78	125	5- 7½	Law...	Epis.....	Dem ..	W	Crawford.....	English	Jack.
Brokaw, Linn R.....A B	3200 Lucas Av., St. Louis, Mo..	84 B.	July 31, '79	150	5-10¼	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Hugo.....	Law	Broke.
Brokaw, Paul Van D.....B S	3200 Lucas Av., St. Louis, Mo..	84 B.	May 20, '78	198	6-	Unde..	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Thackeray	Physics	Oom Paul.
Brower, J. LeFoy.....A B	1330 Bryn Mawr Av., Chicago, Ill.	4 M. D.....	Feb. 5, '78	148	5- 8¼	Ranch.	Epis.....	Mug ..	C	Kipling.....	History	Boo.
Bruyere, Paul T.....C E	56 E. 59th St., New York City..	2 E. B.	Mch. 7, '79	161	6-	Eng ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Kipling.....	Roofs and Br..	Pete.
Burr, Eugene P.....A B	60 Jefferson Av., Columbus, O..	6 B.....	Apr. 19, '79	144	5-10½	Bus ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	....	Smollet.....	History.	Aaron.
Carstensen, Frank T.....A B	New York City.....	1 S. W. B.	Aug. 26, '79	139	5- 9½	Bus ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	C	Lytton	Pol. Econ.....	Pete.
Carter, Howard .....A B	Huntington, N. Y.....	13 B.	Jan. 13, '80	145	5- 6	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Kipling.....	History.	Nick.
Casebolt, Edward T.....A B	1005 Broad St., Newark, N. J..	92 B.	Mch. 11, '78	130	5- 7¾	Law...	.....	Rep ..	C	Irving.....	German	Eddie.
Childs, Alfred DeF.....B S	Englewood, N. J.....	9 M. D.....	Sept. 15, '79	165	6-	Bus ...	.....	Mug...	C	Kipling.....	Fr. Lit.	Al.
Clausen, Edgar Y.....B S	Port Chester, N. Y.....	72 B.	Apr. 26, '78	140	5- 4½	Unde..	Epis.....	Dem...	C	Irving.....	History	Eddie.
Coale, James J., Jr.....B S	Toms River, N. Y.....	4 N. W.....	May 25, '79	150	5- 7	Unde..	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Dickens.....	Geology	Rusty, King, Jim.
Coates, J. Lloyd.....A B	1717 Spruce St., Phila., Pa.....	4 S. E. B.....	Sept. 25, '78	158	5-11½	Bus ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	....	Longfellow....	History	Lloyd.
Conrow, Matthias W.....A B	295 Willow Av., Long Branch, N. J.	41 S. Ed.	Dec. 7, '78	150	5- 6	Med...	.....	Rep ...	W	Cooper	Medicine	Matt.
Conrow, Wilford S.....B S	213 Berkeley Pl.,Brooklyn, N.Y.	12 B.	June 14, '80	137	5-10	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Irving.....	Art	Kid.
Cook, Harry H.....B S	Princeton, N. J,.....	Nassau Hotel..	Feb. 26, '80	163	6-	Chem .	Pres.....	G. Dem	....	Dickens.....	Chemistry	Harry, Cooky.
Cooke, George J.....B S	2108 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.....	6 B.....	Dec. 3, '80	162	5-10½	Unde..	Epis.....	Rep ...	....	Hugo.....	Literature.....	George.
Cornell, A. Boyd.....B S	321 Greenwood Av., Trenton, N. J.	7 E. M. W.....	Jan. 1, '79	...	5- 8	.....	Meth....	Rep ...	....	Dumas	.....	Corny.
Crane, Jasper E.....A B	20 Central Av., Newark, N. J..	17 B.	May 17, '81	165	6- 1½	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Fiske.....	Chemistry.....	Jap.
Crawford, Everett L.....B S	41 W. 57th St., New York City.	2 B.....	June 13, '79	130	5- 8¼	Bus ...	Pres.....	Dem ..	C	Scott.....	French	Ev, Cousin Ev.
Crawford, Jack R.....A B	Arrochar, Staten Island, N. Y..	12 B.	Apr. 1, '78	148	5-10½	Bus ...	.....	Rep ...	W	Thackeray.....	Literature.....	Jack.
Curran, Ross A.....A B	107 E. 57th St., New York City.	35 L.	Sept. 4, '79	165	5-10¾	Bus ...	.....	.....	....	Longfellow....	Literature.....	Doc.
Dana, David T.....B S	1045 Fifth Av., New York City.	110 Nassau St..	Apr. 18, '79	150	6- 2	Unde..	Epis.....	Rep ...	....	Longfellow....	.....	Dave.
Dechant, Henry G.....A B	Catawissa, Pa.....	1 S. W.....	Oct. 22, '76	158	5-11½	Law...	Ref.....	Rep ...	C	Lytton	Math.	Bill, Deck.
Derr, Henry H.....A B	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....	8 W. B.....	Jan. 9, '78	161	5- 8½	Bus ...	.....	Anar...	W	Carter.....	Sanskrit	Doc, Dog, Lover.
Dickinson, Giles H.....A B	Binghamton, N. Y.....	O. U. H.	Mch. 17, '78	165	6- 4	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	.....	Literature.....	Dick.
Dickinson, Lynford M.....B S	479 W. State St., Trenton, N. J.	7 N. D.....	Oct. 22, '79	176	6- ½	Law...	Epis.....	G. Dem	....	Longfellow....	French	Dick, Bug, Lyn.

Class of 1901 Statistics—Continued

NAME.	Course of Study.	RESIDENCE.	Room in College.	Birthday.	Weight.	Height.	Intended Profession.	Religious Preference.	Politics.	Society.	Favorite Author.	Favorite Study.	Familiarity.
Dietz, Charles E.	A B	Limeport, Pa.	40 S. Ed.	Oct. 14, '74	130	5- 6	Teach.	Ref.	Dem.	C	Hawthorne	History	
Dodd, Robert C.	A B	Pittsfield, Mass.	1 S. W.	July 7, '78	141	5- 7½	.....	Pres.	Rep.	C	Tennyson	Math.	Bobby.
Dodd, Samuel W.	B S	196 Clinton Av., Newark, N. J.	1 N. M. R.	Mch. 1, '79	138	5-10	Med.	.....	Rep.	....	Scott	Anatomy	Wicker.
Donaldson, Robert S.	A B	224 E. 12th St., Davenport, Ia.	5 S. R.	Jan. 11, '80	158	5-10¾	Min.	Pres.	Rep.	C	Lamb	English	Don.
Duncan, Allan V.	A B	297 Jefferson Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.	53 L.	Oct. 8, '78	145	5- 7½	.....	Cong.	Rep.	C	Browning	Math.	Jack.
Dwight, W. Kirby	A B	31 Mt. Morris Park, N. Y. City.	14 S. D.	Aug. 8, '79	143	5- 8	Med.	Cong.	Rep.	C	Scott	Science	Cub, Dick.
Eastman, A. Ford	A B	Elmira, N. Y.	10 S. R.	Dec. 14, '78	175	6- ¼	.....	.....	Rep.	C	Shakespeare	Literature	Poler.
Edwards, Morgan O.	A B	Kingston, Pa.	17 E. W.	Oct. 7, '78	144	5- 9¾	Law.	Cong.	Rep.	W	Thackeray	Literature	Teddy.
Elliott, Thomas J.	A B	Tullytown, Pa.	31 N. Ed.	Oct. 23, '75	160	5- 7	Min.	Meth.	Rep.	....	Ruskin	Sociology	
Elkins, Richard	B S	1626 K St., Washington, D. C.	52 B.	Mch. 6, '79	168	6- 2	Bus.	Epis.	Rep.	....	Poe	Boozology	Dick.
Elmore, Robert B.	A B	404 Cedar St., Chattanooga, Tenn.	11 S. M. R.	Aug. 25, '80	...	.....	Min.	Pres.	Rep.	W	.....	Languages	
Euwer, John N.	B S	787 Wick Av., Youngstown, O.	12 N. W.	Jan. 3, '78	165	5-10¾	Bus.	Pres.	Rep.	W	Griswold	Theism	Buck.
Fentress, Calvin	A B	118 Pine St., Chicago, Ill.	14 B.	May 22, '79	160	5-11	.....	Pres.	Dem.	W	Eliot	English	Cal, Fent.
Findlay, John Van L., Jr.	A B	927 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.	42 B.	Mch. 24, '80	142	5-11	Law.	Pres.	Rep.	W	Webster	Law	Senator.
Fisher, Thomas W.	B S	Tyrone, Pa.	10 E. M. W.	Dec. 27, '78	168	5- 7¾	Chem.	Pres.	Rep.	....	Young	Chemistry	Fish.
Fort, Franklin W.	A B	51 Arlington Av., E. Orange, N. J.	43 L.	Mch. 30, '80	180	6- 1	Law.	Pres.	Rep.	C	Kipling	Politics	Senator, W. B.
Frazer, Henry F. S.	B S	1028 Broad St., Newark, N. J.	93 B.	Oct. 7, '81	150	6-	Chem.	Pres.	Rep.	C	Thackeray	Chemistry	Hank, Fag.
Frazer, John G.	A B	5820 Rippey St., Pittsburg, Pa.	44 B.	July 19, '80	145	5-10½	Law.	Pres.	Rep.	W	Dickens	History	Johnnie, Jack.
Fried, Carl K.	B S	183 S. Limestone St., Springfield, O.	11 M. D.	Sept. 15, '79	155	6-	Bus.	Pres.	Rep.	W	Hugo	History	Carl, Lady.
Gamble, Walter G.	C E	5961 Plymouth Av., St. Louis, Mo.	7 B.	May 17, '79	138	5- 8¾	Eng.	Pres.	Rep.	....	Scott	Geography	Guy.
Gansworth, Howard E.	A B	Sanborn, N. Y.	4 N. W.	Apr. 12, '76	165	5- 5	Law.	Bapt.	Rep.	W	Shakespeare	Juris. and Pol.	Gansy, Indian, Fat.
Gardner, Ora F.	A B	Sheldon, Ia.	Dodge	Aug. 23, '75	176	6- 1	Unde.	Pres.	Rep.	C	Stevenson.	English	Nance, Pap, Jack, Baldy.
Gelston, William R.	A B	306 Clinton Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.	8 E. M. W.	May 25, '79	163	5-10¼	Unde.	Cong.	Rep.	W	Shakespeare	Pol. Econ.	Billy.

Glassmeyer, Edward.....A B	Reading, Pa.....	10 W. M. W. ..	Apr. 23, '63	172	5- 8	Teach.	.....	G.Dem	C	Tennyson	Languages....	Pop, Glass.
Glenn, Solomon F.....A B	1517 Mt. Vernon St., Phila., Pa.	10 S. E. B.	Nov. 22, '78	125	5- 8	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Thackeray	Juris. and Pol.	Sally.
Goodwin, Paul M.....A B	354 Washington Boul., Chicago, Ill.	21 S. Ed.	Sept. 1, '78	126	5- 4½	Unde..	Cong....	Rep ...	C	Barrie	Literature.....	Nat.
Gray, Charles S.....A B	562 Royden St., Camden, N. J.	38 Wiggins St.	Sept. 11, '76	153	5- 9	Min ...	Meth....	Pro....	C	Cooper	Philosophy	
Griswold, Latta .....A B	Princeton, N. J.....	14 S. D.....	Jan. 8, '78	165	5- 9	Min ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	C	Thackeray	History	Lat, Gris.
Hall, Francis J.....A B	324 N. Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.	5 E. M. W.....	Mch. 30, '78	158	6- ½	.....	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Stevenson.....	Bible.....	Skinny.
Hamilton, Samuel, Jr.....A B	N. Highland Av., Pittsburg, Pa.	54 B.	June 21, '78	179	6- 1	Med...	Meth....	Rep ...	....	Cooper	Biology	Sam.
Hanlin, Christian H.....A B	Shippensburg, Pa.....	20 N. Ed.....	Mch. 15, '76	175	6- 1	Teach.	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Carlyle	Philosophy	
Harding, M. L.....A B	Plainsville, Pa.....	17 E. W.	Dec. 19, '76	130	5- 6½	Min ...	Meth....	Rep ...	W	Scott	Eng. Lit.....	
Harper, Matthew.....A B	59 W. Peachtree Pl., Atlanta, Ga.	39 S. Ed.	Feb. 9, '79	170	6- 2½	Teach	Bapt	Dem ..	W	Hawthorne.....	Math	Slim.
Harris, Arthur W.....B S	22 W. 12th St., New York City.	10 E. W.	May 14, '79	184	6- 3	Bus ...	Meth....	Rep ...	....	Shakespeare ..	French	Dog.
Hatfield, Rudolph H.....A B	Wichita, Kansas	23 Williams St.	May 10, '79	195	5-10½	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Scott	Languages	
Hawkins, Gaylord R.....B S	724 N. Capital Av., Indianapolis, Ind.....	43 L.	Nov. 13, '79	155	5- 9½	Law...	Bapt	Rep ...	W	Riley	Juris. and Pol.	Sheriff, Mark Hanna.
Headley, Elroy .....A B	164 Main St., E. Orange, N. J.	19 N. Ed.....	Apr. 7, '79	143	5-10	Law...	Meth....	G.Dem	C	Hawthorne....	Pol. Econ.....	Squire.
Hendrix, Nathan S.....A B	3242 Norledge Pl., Kansas City, Mo.	61 L.	Aug. 23, '78	135	5- 9	Bus ...	Meth....	Dem ..	W	Thackeray	Eng. Lit.....	Andy, Henry.
Hiner, Frank P.....A B	Asbury, N. J.....	10 N.	Nov. 7, '75	145	5- 7½	Teach.	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Browning	Math.....	F. P.
Homans, Howard P.....A B	308 W. 75th St., New York City.	6 B.....	Jan. 6, '79	145	5- 8¾	Bus ...	D. Ref...	Ind.....	....	Reade.....	Law.....	Pink.
Homer, Charles LeB.....C E	Washington Lane, Germantown, Pa.	8 E. M. W.....	Mch. 24, '80	154	5- 8½	Eng ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	....	Longfellow....	Geodesy.....	Kid.
Hood, John M., Jr.....C E	1231 N. Calvert St., Balto., Md.	10 S. W. B.....	Mch. 18, '80	160	6- 1½	Eng ...	Pres.....	Dem ..	....	Thackeray	Geodesy.....	Pop.
Hope, Walter E.....A B	302 Cumberland St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	53 L.	Sept. 15, '79	146	5- 8½	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Thackeray	English	Spes, Anthony.
Howell, Walter M.....A B	63 Myrtle Av., Montclair, N. J.	16 W. W.....	Dec. 5, '79	139	5-11	Law...	Pres.....	Dem ..	C	Scott	Juris. and Pol.	Billy.
Hudson, Claude S.....B S	919 Dauphin St., Mobile, Ala...	5 S. M. R.	Jan. 26, '81	140	5- 7	Unde..	.....	Dem ..	....	.....	Chemistry	Boy, Huddy.
Huey, Malcolm S.....B S	4112 Walnut St., Phila., Pa....	62 B.	Feb. 5, '80	156	5- 9½	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Scott	History.....	Mac, Sid.
Hunter, Robert A.....A B	125 W. Susquehanna Av., Phila., Pa.	1 S. W. B.	Nov. 10, '78	179	6- 2¼	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Dumas	Ethics.....	Bob.
Hutchings, De Witt V.....A B	Englewood, N. J.....	2 B.....	Aug. 18, '79	170	5- 9½	Min ...	.....	Rep ...	C	Thackeray	History.....	Ditty, Hutch.
Hyde, Robert S..... Sp	La Crosse, Wis.....	16 B.	Oct. 21, '79	138	5- 8	Bus ...	.....	Rep ...	....	Stevenson.....	History.....	Doc.
Iams, Samuel H.....A B	Waynesburg, Pa.....	136 Nassau St..	May 31, '79	150	5-11	Med...	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Scott	Psychology....	
Imbrie, James.....A B	179 Scotland Rd., S. Orange, N. J.	17 B.	Feb. 2, '80	145	5-11	St.Bkr.	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Emerson	Literature.....	Jim.
Imbrie, Malcolm .....A B	Tokyo, Japan.....	14 E. W.	Jan. 16, '79	160	6-	Bus ...	.....	Rep ...	W	Scott	Literature.....	Heathen.
Jameson, James W.....A B	Antrim, N. H.....	14 B.	May 28, '78	158	5-10	Med...	Pres.....	Dem ..	W	Thackeray	.....	Jimmie.
Janeway, Frank L.....A B	78 Easton Av., New Brunswick, N. J.	3 S. W. B.	July 21, '80	145	5-10	Unde..	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Thackeray	Eng. Lit.....	Janus.
Johnson, Bert D.....A B	West Pittston, Pa.....	10 S. R.....	Nov. 22, '78	155	5-11	Chem .	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Thackeray	Chemistry.....	Bert.
Jones, Phineas .....C E	37 Lincoln Pk., Newark, N. J.	92 B.	Jan. 3, '79	180	5-11¾	Bus ...	Ref.....	Rep ...	....	Hugo	Geodesy.....	Phin.
Jones, Samuel T. D.....A B	113 Lewis St., Phillipsburg, N.J.	1 E. W.....	Aug. 24, '78	145	5- 7½	Law...	Meth....	Rep ...	C	Scott	Economics	Sam.
Judd, Clark S.....A B	Thomaston, N. Y.....	13 B.	Aug. 26, '80	172	6- 1	.....	Meth....	Pro....	C	Hugo.....	History.....	Amos.
Katzenbach, L. Emery.....A B	17 W. 45th St., New York City.	3 S. W. B.	Feb. 23, '80	155	5- 8	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Scott	History.....	Kitty, Katzie,

Class of 1901 Statistics—Continued

NAME.	Course of Study.	RESIDENCE.	Room in College.	Birthday.	Weight.	Height.	Intended Profession.	Religious Preference.	Politics.	Society.	Favorite Author.	Favorite Study.	Familiarity.
Kelly, Gilbert W.	A B	2702 13th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.	6 W. M. W.	July 23, '78	152	5- 7½	Law	Pres	Rep	W	Irving	English	Kel.
Kerr, Clarence D.	A B	Englewood, N. J.	9 M. D.	Aug. 15, '78	158	5-10¼	Law	Pres	Rep	C	Shakespeare	History	C. D.
Kinne, J. Smylie	A B	171 Carroll St., Paterson, N. J.	92 B.	Dec. 24, '79	150	5- 9	Bus	Meth	Rep	C	Harte	German	Turp.
Lane, Charles S., Jr.	A B	Hagerstown, Md.	7 B.	Jan. 18, '79	120	5- 8¼	Law	Epis	Dem	....	Dumas	Latin	Jim.
Larabie, Robert D.	B S	Deer Lodge, Mont.	15 S. D.	Dec. 15, '78	165	5- 8	.....	Pres	Rep	....	Longfellow	Character	Biscuits.
Lawton, Carl S.	A B	4562 Cook Av., St. Louis, Mo.	84 B.	Oct. 21, '78	185	5-10½	Bus	Luth	Rep.	....	Stevenson	Pol. Econ.	Lifty.
Leake, Austin, Jr.	C E	42 King St., New York City.	22 L.	Sept. 7, '79	136	5- 7	Eng	Pres	Rep	C	Kipling	.....	Freddie.
Lee, Clarence R.	B S	80 W. Union St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	8 W. B.	Dec. 16, '79	145	5-11	Bus	Epis	Pro	....	Moses	Nature	Rack.
Linen, Frank I.	A B	622 Jefferson Av., Scranton, Pa.	2 B.	Oct. 18, '79	155	5- 9	Bus	Pres	Rep	C	Cooper	Pol. Econ.	Velvet, Plush, Nud.
Little, Halsted	A B	29 Elm St., Morristown, N. J.	32 L.	Nov. 7, '78	153	.....	Bus	.....	Rep	C	Kipling	History	Jigs.
Little, Raymond D.	A B	23 W. 45th St., New York City.	43 B.	Jan. 5, '80	168	5-10½	Bus	Pres	G. Dem	....	Dumas	Woman	Ray.
Lydecker, Wallace B.	A B	Orangeburg, N. Y.	134 Nassau St.	Dec. 27, '78	155	5- 9	Law	Pres	Rep	....	Scott	Almanac	Decker.
Lyne, Wickliffe B.	A B	Pittsburg, Pa.	13 N. D.	Feb. 19, '79	155	5-10½	Unde	Pres	Rep	W	.....	.....	Wick.
Lyon, Charles A.	A B	78 N. Grove St., E. Orange, N.J.	6 W. M. W.	Dec. 31, '78	189	5-11¾	Eng	Pres	Dem	C	Dumas	English	Wrink.
Lyon, Harry E.	A B	78 N. Grove St., E. Orange, N.J.	10 N. W.	Jan. 26, '80	158	5-10¾	Law	Unit	Dem	C	Poe	History	H.
Mackie, J. Kirkwood	A B	414 Tenth St., Portland, Oregon.	64 U. H.	Dec. 29, '78	...	5-11	.....	Pres	Rep	....	Thackeray	Languages	Mac, Jack.
Maier, George W. M.	B S	Avoca, Ia.	38 S. Ed.	Jan. 10, '79	159	6- 1	Teach	Pres	Dem	W	Holland	German	Poler, Dutchman, Tank.
Marr, A. Graham	B S	218 Independence St., Shamokin, Pa.	2 E. B.	June 15, '77	145	5- 9½	Arch	Epis	Dem	....	Thackeray	Stereotomy	Tilly.
Matthews, Harry J.	A B	1302 St. Paul St., Balto., Md.	39 Nassau St.	Sept. 22, '75	127	5- 6½	Bus	Qua	Rep	C	Lamb	Biology	Pop.
Matthews, Louis I.	A B	1010 Spruce St., Phila., Pa.	62 B	June 1, '79	175	5- 8½	Bus	.....	Rep	....	Tarkington	History	Mellin.
Mattis, George McK.	A B	Champaign, Ill.	5 E. M. W.	Apr. 17, '78	185	6- 2	Bus	Pres	G. Dem	....	Longfellow	English	Tight.
McAfee, J. Clarke	A B	Port Royal, Pa.	9 N. Ed.	Sept. 26, '78	138	5- 7	C. E	Pres	Rep	C	Hawthorne	Math	Mac.
McClure, Charles A.	A B	Bellefonte, Pa.	11 N. W.	July 5, '78	132	5-10½	Bus	Meth	Rep	W	Hugo	History	Mac.

McCurdy, John, Jr.....A B	613 Wick Av., Youngstown, O.	2 E. W.....	Oct. 30, '77	152	5- 7	Jour ..	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Dumas	Literature.....	Doc.
McLanahan, James C.....A B	Lawrenceville, N. J.....	13 W. W.....	Apr. 28, '81	155	6- 2½	Law ..	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Scott	Juris. and Pol.	Mac, Rev, Clamor.
McWilliams, John, Jr.....A B	Odell, Ill.	110 Nassau St..	Oct. 26, '80	155	6- 3	Bus ...	Cong	Rep ...	W	Dumas	Pol. Econ.....	Farmer.
Meinken, Charles G.....B S	314 W. 34th St., New York City	22 B.	Aug. 8, '79	162	6- ½	Bus ...	Luth	Rep ...	....	Longfellow ...	German	Dutch.
Mellinger, Louis O.....C E	Reynoldsville, Pa.....	10 E. M. W. ..	Sept. 10, '77	123	5- 4	Eng ...	Meth....	G. Dem	....	Dickens.....	Geodesy.....	Buck, Dutch.
Merrick, A. Douglas .....A B	412 High St., Pottstown, Pa....	11 N. W.	Oct. 15, '78	146	5- 6½	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Scott	Math.....	Ruth.
Meyers, William C.....A B	Columbia, Pa.....	15 E. W.	June 23, '80	172	6- 2	Chem .	.....	Rep ...	W	Kipling	Chemistry.....	Bill.
Miller, A. Marion.....A B	Homewood, Pa.....	64 U. H.	Apr. 2, '79	165	5-11	Biol ...	Meth....	Rep ...	....	Irving.....	Biology.....	Joe.
Miller, Frank D.....A B	Tunkhannock, Pa.....	7 E. W.....	June 24, '78	144	5-11¼	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Thackeray.....	History.....	Willie.
Miller, Hugh .....C E	Roselle, N. J.....	6 S. W. B.	Feb. 1, '81	185	6- 2	Eng...	Pres.....	Ind....	C	Thackeray	Railroads.....	Hugh.
Morrow, J. Donald.....A B	South Orange, N. J.....	64 B.	Nov. 4, '78	158	6- 1	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Whitman.....	History.....	Don.
Morrow, Preston K.....A B	75 Mitchell Pl., E. Orange, N.J.	64 B.	Sept. 6, '77	187	5-11	Eng ...	.....	Rep ...	....	Whitman.....	....	Pete.
Mount, Walter B.....A B	24 Summit St., E. Orange, N. J.	6 W. M. W.....	Feb. 3, '80	142	5- 9	Med...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Dickens.....	English.....	Willie.
Omwake, Howard R.....A B	Greencastle, Pa.....	83 B.	May 1, '78	149	5- 9½	Teach .	Ref.....	Dem ..	W	Lamb	Latin.....	Rube.
Pancoast, Howard D.....A B	503 Cooper St., Camden, N. J..	5 U. P.	Mch. 25, '78	142	5-11½	Law...	.....	Dem ..	....	Caine	Juris. and Pol.	Pan.
Patterson, Charles E.....A B	18 Soundview Av., New Rochelle, N. Y.....	C. & G. C.	Apr. 18, '66	183	5- 9½	.....	.....	.....	....	.....	.....	
Park, S. Howard.....B S	Crawford, N. J.....	11 S. W.	Feb. 5, '80	135	5-10	.....	Pres.....	Dem ..	C	Van Dyke.....	.....	Chippie.
Parsons, Roscoe S.....C E	Bonne Terre, Mo.....	2 S. W.....	Oct. 5, '75	141	5- 7½	Mining	Cong	Rep ...	C	.....	Science.....	Dago.
Petty, William F.....A B	340 Atlantic Av., Pittsburg, Pa.	71 B.	Aug. 19, '77	140	5- 8½	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Scott	Math.....	Bill.
Petty, Robert B.....A B	340 Atlantic Av., Pittsburg, Pa.	71 B.	July 19, '79	130	5- 7½	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Thackeray	English.....	Bob.
Pierson, John R.....B S	596 Salem Road, Elizabeth, N.J.	6 N. D.....	Feb. 25, '80	178	5-11	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Ade	Bible.....	J. R., Booze.
Pitcairn, Robert F.....A B	832 Rebecca Av., Pittsburg, Pa.	73 B.	Sept. 3, '77	143	5-11½	Bus ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Thackeray	History.....	Pit, Bob.
Platt, Edward C., Jr.....A B	127 St. Mark's Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	43 L.	Oct. 29, '79	137	5-11¼	Bus ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	C	Tarkington....	History.....	Senator, Tommy.
Plum, Stephen H., Jr.....B S	52 Park Pl., Newark, N. J.....	5 B.....	Jan. 18, '77	152	5- 6	Bus ...	Bapt ...	Rep ...	C	Scott	Literature.....	Steve.
Poggenburg, George F. W..C E	1830 Madison Av., N. Y. City.	74 B.	July 27, '79	175	5-11	Eng ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Scott	.....	Strap, Poggie.
Porter, Roland G.....B S	"The Sherwood," Phila., Pa....	23 B.	May 14, '79	145	5- 8½	Chem .	Epis.....	Rep ...	....	Tarkington....	Chemistry.....	Pretty.
Pumyea, P. Clinton.....B S	Allentown, N. J.....	9 S. Ed.....	Nov. 8, '80	172	5-11¾	Med ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Hugo.....	Chemistry.....	Pete.
Reeve, Henry M.....A B	217 Mt. Pleasant Av., Newark, N. J.	7 W. W.	Mch. 29, '79	148	5- 9½	Bus ...	.....	Rep ...	C	Fisher.....	History.....	
Rice, Robert H.....B S	5554 Woodlawn Av., Chicago, Ill.	6 N. D.	Jan. 1, '79	155	5-10½	Bus ...	Pres.....	Anar ..	....	Ade	Am. Lit.	Bob, Rob.
Richards, George D.....B S	135 E. 51st St., Chicago, Ill.....	31 B.	Jan. 26, '78	147	5-11¼	Bus ...	Meth....	Rep ...	C	Holmes	Literature.....	Dick.
Ripley, Bert.....B S	84 Johnson Av., Newark, N. J.	21 B.	Feb. 18, '75	192	6-	Chem..	Pres.....	Rep ...	....	Merriman.....	Chemistry.....	Bert.
Robbins, Charles R.....A B	Windsor, N. J.....	16 N. W.	Oct. 3, '78	165	5- 8½	Bus ...	Meth....	Rep ...	....	Shakespeare ..	Greek	Charley.
Robbins, John H.....A B	1815 Edmondson Av.,Balto.,Md.	1 S. E. B.....	Mch. 20, '80	138	5- 9	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Thackeray	Juris. and Pol.	John.
Rogers, John L.....A B	New Britain, Conn.....	16 S. W.	June 11, '80	175	6- ½	Bus ...	Cong	Rep ...	C	Shakespeare ..	Pol. Econ.....	John, Johnnie.
Rose, George E.....A B	Greensburg, Pa.....	41 B.	Mch. 16, '78	175	6-	Chem..	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Thackeray	Chemistry.....	Eber.
Russell, Gordon M.....A B	Oyster Bay, N. J.....	79 Alex. St.....	Apr. 30, '80	142	6-	Teach .	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Roosevelt.....	Anatomy.....	Socks, Shark, Alcibiades,
Saylor, Howard M.....A B	700 E. High St., Pottstown, Pa.	44 B.	Nov. 29, '78	136	5-10¾	Bus ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	W	Griswold	History.....	Sippy.
Schaff, Rodman.....A B	Pittsfield, Mass.....	31 B.	July 11, '79	145	5-11¾	Unde..	Epis.....	Dem ..	....	Scott	History.....	Cap.
Schenck, Harry L.....A B	Hightstown, N. J.....	16 N. W.	July 17, '78	148	5- 7½	Bus ...	Epis.....	Dem ..	C	Shakespeare ..	History.....	Buck.
Schureman, James P.....A B	Franklin Park, N. J.....	5 S. M. R.	Feb. 27, '80	175	5-10	Med...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Ford	Biology.....	Jim.

Class of 1901 Statistics—Continued

NAME.	Course of Study.	RESIDENCE.	Room in College.	Birthday.	Weight.	Height.	Intended Profession.	Religious Preference.	Politics.	Society.	Favorite Author.	Favorite Study.	Familiarity.
Shaffer, Herbert E.	A B	Renovo, Pa.	34 Van D. Ave.	Nov. 28, '76	150	5- 7	Min ...	Pres.	Dem ..	C	Emerson	Literature	Jake.
Smith, H. Alexander	A B	8 W. 47th St., New York City..	5 L. P.	Jan. 30, '80	165	6-	Law...	Pres.	Rep ...	C	Scott	Law	Sal, Schmith, Alec.
Smith, W. Schuyler	A B	8 W. 47th St., New York City..	5 L. P.	Jan. 30, '80	159	5-10	Law...	Pres.	Rep ...	C	Scott	Law	Short and Fat.
Steen, Robert S.	A B	4425 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa....	9 W. B.	May 5, '80	158	5-11¼	Min. ..	Pres.	Rep ...	W	Emerson	History	Bob.
Stauffen, Ralph M.	C E	306 W. 78th St., New York City.	C. U. H.	Dec. 5, '77	148	5- 9	Eng. ..		Dem ..	....	Trautwine	Surveying	Stauff.
Sturdevant, Thomas K.	B S	129 S. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	9 W. B.	Aug. 27, '76	132	5- 6	Arch ..	Pres.	Rep ...	W	Scott	Anatomy	Tommy, Sturdy.
Sutton, Robert W.	A B	4919 Centre Av., Pittsburg, Pa.	73 B.	May 6, '79	163	6- ½	Law...	Pres.	Rep ...	W		History	Sut, Bob, Rubber.
Swain, C. R.	B S	69 Lincoln Pk., Newark, N. J.	21 B.	Mch. 19, '79	158	5-11	Chem .	Pres.	Rep ...	....	Carter	Chemistry	Chit, Ray.
Swigart, Robert F.	A B	1714 Jefferson St., Toledo, O...	63 B.	Dec. 8, '76	160	5- 7	Law...	Meth.	Rep ...	W	Dickens	Pol. Econ.	Swi.
Swofford, Ralph P.	A B	621 Garfield Av., Kansas City, Mo.	61 L.	Aug. 24, '79	145	5-10	Bus ...	Pres.	Dem ..	W	Emerson	Eng. Lit.	Swof, Gum Shoe, Swif.
Taylor, James B.	A B	Walton, N. Y.	97 B.	Feb. 3, '79	165	6- ¾	Teach .	Pres.	Rep ...	W	Stevenson	Pol. Econ.	Jim.
Taylor, James B., Jr.	B S	Chester, Pa.	24 L.	May 5, '79	160	5- 8	Chem..	Pres.	Rep ...	C	Scott	Chemistry	Hoot.
Terhune, B. R.	A B	Ridgewood, N. J.	5 S. R.	July 10, '80	159	5- 9½	Teach..			C			Turk.
Thomas, Louis A., Jr.	A B	614 Hill Av., Pittsburg, Pa....	19 E. W.	May 19, '80	140	5- 9	Teach..	Pres.	Rep ...	W	Scott	History	Kid.
Thompson, Thomas L.	A B	319 Dawson St., Alpena, Mich..	18 N. W.	Apr. 16, '68	195	5- 9½	Law...	Bapt	Rep ...	C	Irving	History	Spaghetti.
Thompson, Ralph S.	A B	156 Fifth Ave., New York City.	10 M. D.	July 3, '79	158	5- 9½	Lit....		Rep ...	C	Keats	English	Tommy.
Vondermuhl, Alfred E.	A B	25 W. 71st St., New York City.	9 W. B.	Oct. 2, '79	...	5- 8¼	Bus ...	Pres.	Rep ...	C	Shakespeare ..	Italian	Vondy.
Von Krug, Karl L.	A B	Kingston, Pa.	18 S. M. R.	Oct. 2, '79	155	6- ½		Pres.	Rep ...	C	Scott	Woman,	Baron.
Voorhees, Irving W.	B S	Griggstown, N. J.	28 Cham. St. ..	Apr. 28, '78	150	5-11½	Med...	D. Ref ..	Rep ...	....	Scott	Literature	Sheem.
Walton, Harold L.	A B	64 Munn Av., E. Orange, N. J.	7 B.	Nov. '9, '79	172	6- 1	Bus ...	Pres.	Rep ...	....	Dickens	History	Isaac.
Wardrop, James R.	A B	Sewickley, Pa.	16 E. W.	June 29, '81	142	5- 6½	Bus ...	Pres.	Rep ...	W	Scott	Pol. Econ.	Jim, Jimmie.
Warner, Elting F., Jr.	B S	"The Albion," St. Paul, Minn..	43 B.	Nov. 22, '78	140	.....	Bus ...	Epis.	Rep ...	....	Daudet		Schrimp.
Watres, Harold A.	A B	Scranton, Pa.	10 W. W.	Mch. 23, '79	134	5- 5½	Law...	Pres.	Rep ...	C	Irving	Languages	Poky.

Weil, M. L.....A B	4 Mt. Morris Av., N. Y. City..	6 N. M. R.	Mch. 9, '78	141	5- 8½	Law...	Heb.	Rep ...	C	Longfellow ...	Pol. Econ.....	
Wellington, John L.....B S	Washington St.,Cumberland,Md.	15 S. D.....	May 20, '78	167	5-10½	.....	.....	Rep ...	W	Griswold	Arithmetic	Duke, Stoffregan.
Wentworth, Ralph .....A B	Commonwealth Av., Pittsfield, Mass.	9 N. R.....	Feb. 19, '78	155	5-10½	Law...	Cong	G.Dem	C	Dickens.....	Politics.....	
West, Edgar L..... A B	Hamilton Square, N. J.....	17 N. Ed.....	Nov. 14, '79	138	5- 6½	Med...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Holmes	Mod. Lang....	Andy.
White, Howell N.....A B	Walton, N. Y.....	97 B.	Aug. 30, '77	150	5-11½	Law...	Cong	Rep ...	W	Stevenson.....	Literature.....	
Whitman, Stephen F.....A B	New York, N. Y.....	64 B.	Jan. 10, '80	166	5-9	Jour...	Epis.....	Rep ...	C	Kipling	English.....	Steve.
Williams, Robert Y.....A B	329 Clinton Av., Newark, N. J.	7 W. W.	Nov. 23, '78	147	5-10	Unde..	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Shakespeare ..	English.....	
Williamson, Stanley.....A B	Clayton, N. J.....	1 E. W.....	Mch. 31, '79	150	5- 7	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Dickens.....	Literature,....	Runt.
Willis, H. Thomas.....B S	Champaign, Ill.....	15 M. D.	Feb. 9, '78	172	6- 2½	Eng ...	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Weyman	Geology.....	Hungry.
Wilson, Edwin B.....A B	Dunbar, Pa.....	2 N. R.....	Aug. 18, '77	135	5- 9	Law...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	.....	Law.....	E. B., Willie, Eddie.
Wilson, Emery J.....A B	Bellefontaine, O.....	6 N. W.....	Apr. 16, '79	136	5-10	Bus....	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Hawthorne ...	Math.....	E. J.
Wooden, Herbert R.....A B	Hampstead, Md.....	15 B.	Jan. 6, '77	170	5-11	Unde..	Meth. ...	Rep ...	W	Shakespeare ..	Literature.....	Pop.
Wrenn, Thomas N..... Sp	113 Eastman St., Cranford, N. J.	27 N. Ed.....	Aug. 31, '78	145	5- 8¾	Chem .	Unit	Rep ...	....	Poe.....	Chemistry.....	Wrangy,Tommy.
Yates, John .....A B	Walton, N. Y.....	97 B.	Dec. 17, '77	160	6- 5	Min....	Pres.....	Rep ...	W	Stevenson.....	Literature.....	Scrappy.
Young, Wellington G.....A B	92 McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	15 B.	Dec. 20, '78	168	5-11	Med...	Pres.....	Rep ...	C	Lytton	Politics.....	Brigham.
Young, F. LeRoy.....A B	Knoxville, Tenn.	11 S. M. R.....	Mch. 17, '79	156	5-11	Med...	.....	.....	W	Dickens.....	Biology.....	
Yuengling, Geo. W.....B S	241 W. 76th St., New York City	35 U. Pl.....	May 26, '77	98	4-11¾	Bus ...	Epis.....	Rep ...	C	Irving.....	History.....	Ying.

Summary

Course of Study

Academic	154
Scientific	48
Engineering	13
Specials	4
Total	219
Entered Class in 1897	198
" " " 1898	8
" " " 1899	7
" " " 1900	6
Whig	65
Clio	92
Philadelphian Society	108
St. Paul's Society	12
Born in 1863	1
" " 1866	1
" " 1868	1
" " 1874	2
" " 1875	6
" " 1876	10
" " 1877	16
" " 1878	63
" " 1879	73
" " 1880	39
" " 1881	7

Favorite Year, 1879.

Maximum Age at Graduation	38 yrs., 1 mo., 19 days.
Minimum " " "	19 yrs., 8 mos., 5 days.
Average " " "	22 yrs., 7 mos., 2 days.
Maximum Weight	198 lbs.
Minimum "	98 lbs.

Average Weight	154.4 lbs.
Maximum Chest Measure	46 in.
Minimum " "	32 in.
Average " "	38.6 in.
Maximum Height	6 ft., 5 in.
Minimum "	4 ft., 11.7 in.
Average "	5 ft., 10.2 in.

Intended Profession

Business	61	Railroading	1
Law	52	Publisher	1
Engineering	15	Milling	1
Medicine	14	Ranchman	1
Teaching	12	Biology,	1
Ministry	11	Stock Broker	1
Chemistry	11	Mining	1
Journalism	3	Literature	1
Architecture	2		

Political Preference

Republicans	162	Prohibitionists	3
Democrats	30	Anarchists	2
Gold Democrats	10	Mugwumps	2
Independents	5	Liberals	1

Religious Denominations

Presbyterians	106	Lutheran	2
Episcopalians	29	Dutch Reformed	2
Methodists	20	Arnoldist	1
Congregationalists	9	Catholics	1
Baptists	8	Hebrews	1
Reformed	3	Quakers	1
Unitarian	3		

Favorite Sports

Football	56	Hop Scotch	1
Baseball	42	I Spy	1
Tennis	31	Loafing	1
Golf	12	Handball	1
Hunting and Fishing	12	Spitting	1
Sailing	7	Throwing Hammer	1
Skating	6	Horse Racing	1
Riding	5	Yachting	1
Shooting	4	Hide the Thimble	1
Swimming	4	Cycling	1

Canoeing	2	Wrestling	1
Poker	2	Hurdling	1
Croquet	2	Boxing	1
Crap	2	Jack Straws	1
Driving	2	Automobiling	1
Rowing	2	Fencing	1
Running	2	Fussing	1
Hockey	2		

Favorite Authors

Scott	31	Holmes	2
Thackeray	25	De Quincey	1
Shakespeare	12	Oliver Optic	1
Longfellow	12	James Allen	1
Kipling	12	Macaulay	1
Dickens	11	Crawford	1
Stevenson	11	Smollett	1
Hugo	7	Ruskin	1
Irving	7	Eliot	1
Dumas	7	Webster	1
Hawthorne	5	Young	1
Emerson	4	Carlyle	1
Cooper	4	Riley	1
Poe	4	Reade	1
Lytton	3	Harte	1
Lamb	3	Moses	1
Griswold	3	Holland	1
Tarkington	3	Caine	1
Stockton	2	van Dyke	1
Tennyson	2	Merriman	1
Barrie	2	Roosevelt	1
Fiske	2	Ford	1
Carter	2	Keats	1
Browning	2	Daudet	1
Whitman	2	Weyman	1
Ade	2	Trautwine	1

Favorite Poets

Longfellow	61	Whittier	3
Tennyson	36	Byron	3
Shakespeare	26	Whitman	3
Kipling	12	Bryant	2
Browning	7	Thompson	2
Field	7	van Dyke	1
Scott	6	Lowell	1
Burns	6	Emerson	1

Poe	5	Morris	1
Keats	4	Wordsworth	1
Riley	4	Arnold	1
Milton	3	Walt Whitman	1

Favorite Studies

English Literature	40	Roofs and Bridges	1
History	39	French Literature	1
Chemistry	15	Medicine	1
Political Economy	11	Art	1
Mathematics	11	Sanskrit	1
Law	8	Sociology	1
Jurisprudence and Politics	8	Boozology	1
Biology	7	Geography	1
Geodesy	6	Ethics	1
Anatomy	4	Psychology	1
German	4	Girls	1
Politics	4	Economics	1
Bible	3	Character	1
French	3	Nature	1
Languages	3	Almanac	1
Theism	2	Stereotomy	1
Physics	2	Railroads	1
Geology	2	Greek	1
Science	2	Surveying	1
Philosophy	2	Italian	1
Latin	2	Modern Languages	1
Woman	2	Arithmetic	1
Epistemology	1		

Favorite Languages

English	87	Sanskrit	2
French	56	Persian	1
German	23	Chinese	1
Latin	17	Pig Latin	1
Greek	12	Negro Dialect	1
Hebrew	2	Welsh	1
Slang	2		

Color of Eyes

Blue	72	Black	7
Brown	58	Hazel	6
Gray	50	Azure	1
Green	15		

Color of Hair

Brown	149	Yellow	3
Black	30	Straw	3
Light	12	Chestnut	2
Blonde	6	Azure	1
Red	5	Auburn	1
Sandy	5		

Favorite Style of Beauty

Brunette	127	Irish	1
Blonde	43	Oriental	1
Brown	3	Black	1
Gibson	2	Sunburned Octoroon	1
Spanish	1	Afro-American	1
Christy	1		

Favorite Woman's College

Smith	68	Mt. Holyoke	5
Vassar	52	Pennington	3
Bryn Mawr	32	Ogontz	2
Wellesley	25	Dobb's Ferry	1
Woman's College of Balto.	6	Barnard	1
Wilson	6	National Park Sem.	1

Favorite Woman's Name

Helen	44	Julia	2
Edith	9	Gertrude	2
Dorothy	8	Alice	2
Margaret	7	Jennie	2
Ethel	7	Bess	2
Ruth	4	Bridget	2
Elizabeth	4	Phyllis	2
Louise	4	Marie	2
Mary	4	Frances	2
Elsie	4	Agnes	2
Katharine	3	Winifred	2
Jane	3	Grace	2
Evelyn	3	Florence	2
Marian	3	Forty-eight others, each	1
Anna	3		

General Statistics

Supported Themselves Wholly	19
Supported Themselves Partially	57
Entitled to Wear 'Varsity "P"	10
Tried for 'Varsity Organizations	97

Athletic Prizes Won	84
Number Winning Athletic Prizes	17
Literary Prizes Won	65
Number Winning Literary Prizes	35
Contributed to College Publications	57
Number Summoned Before Faculty	73
Times Summoned Before Faculty	248
Sent Home by Faculty	29
Number of Times Sent Home	36
Maximum Number of Times Sent Home	4
Number Conditioned	125
Total Number of Conditions	584
Maximum Number of Conditions	29
Number Receiving Pensums	41
Pensums Received	131
Maximum Number Pensums	23
Wear Glasses	66
Have Mustache	11
Have Been Overworked	94
Have Pawned Articles	45
Number who Smoke	159
Began Smoking at College	60
Stopped Smoking at College	5
Number who Chew	17
Began Chewing at College	8
Stopped Chewing at College	4
Number who Dance	162
Began Dancing at College	15
Stopped Dancing at College	7
Total Number of Girl Correspondents	890
Engaged	11
Rejected	15

1901's Favorites

Religious Preference	Presbyterian
Leading Political Party	Republican
Favorite Sport	Football
Favorite Study	English Literature
Favorite Language	English
Favorite Author	Scott
Favorite Poet	Longfellow
Favorite Preacher	President Patton
Most Popular Professor	Woodrow Wilson
Best Dressed Professor	Jesse B. Carter
Favorite Song	"Old Nassau"
Favorite Hymn	"Ein Feste Berg"

Favorite Woman's Name	Helen
Most Popular Woman's College	Smith
Favorite Style of Beauty	Brunette
Favorite Newspaper	(A shame to tell)
Favorite Weekly	Harper's
Favorite Monthly	Scribner's

Whom 1901 Delights to Honor

Done Most for Class	Hope
Best All-round Man	Gardner
Honorable Mention	Mattis
Most Popular Man	Jameson
Handsomest Man	W. S. Smith
Honorable Mention	Mattis
Best Football Player	Mattis
Best Baseball Player	Hutchings
Best Track Athlete	Ripley
Best All-round Athlete	Mattis
Best Debater	Steen
Best Orator	Swofford
Honorable Mention	Hutchings Babson
Best Artist	Adamson
Honorable Mention	Richards
Best Musician	Saylor
Honorable Mention	L. J. Matthews
Laziest Man	Hamilton
Very Honorable Mention,	Fort
Most Awkward Man	Yates
Second Prize	Headley
Worst Poler—	
Summa cum laude	Maier
Magna cum laude	Russell
Funniest man	Meinken
Honorable Mention	Whitman
Brightest Man	Hope
Honorable Mention	Adams
Greatest Sport	Elkins
Most Eccentric	Russell
Honorable Mention	Wrenn
Worst Sour-ball	H. Little
Honorable Mention	Harris
Biggest Hot-air Artist	Fort
High Honors	P. Brokaw
Best Natured Man	Ripley
Honorable Mention	Hamilton

Most Energetic Man	Hope
Biggest Bluffer	Fort
Honorable Mention	Beaham
Freshest Man	Brower
Honorable Mention	Vondermuhl, Williamson
Worst Gossip	Findlay
Honorable Mention	Vondermuhl
Most Likely Bachelor	Thomas
Most Likely to be First Married	L. J. Matthews
Honorable Mention	H. J. Matthews
Best Campaign Manager, Best Stump Speaker, Best Detective, Best Sheriff	Hawkins
Biggest Liar	Findlay
Honorable Mention	Batt
Class Baby	Yuengling
Very Honorable Mention	Dana
Biggest Bootlicker	Vondermuhl
High Honors	J. Imbrie, H. Little
Biggest Crabber	J. D. Morrow
Pads Shoulders Most	Pancoast
Best Dressed Man	W. S. Smith
Honorable Mention	J. Aitken
Thinks He's the Best Dressed	Warner
Nerviest Man	Brower
Biggest Fusser	Huey
Honorable Mention	W. S. Smith
Most Cold-footed	Huey
Sloppiest Man	S. W. Dodd
Worst Knocker	Findlay
Honorable Mention	Schureman
Most Conceited Man	W. S. Smith
High Honors	Hutchings
Honors	H. Little
Ugliest Man	B. Akin
Honorable Mention	Warner
Biggest Feet	Crane
Most Useless Man	Findlay
Honorable Mention	P. Morrow

The Campus' Greatest Needs:

Three other classes like 1901.
A new gymnasium.
Dining halls.
Drinking fountains or a saloon.
Good walks and less mud.
More ground to be dug up.
To be let alone.
Another Spion kop.
Ferryboats in rainy weather.
Moving stairways on the terraces.
Through trains to chapel.

The Best Things 1901 Has Done for Princeton:

Abolished hazing.
Raised standard of publications.
Elevated moral tone of the student life.

Why We Came to Princeton:

To attend the University.
Best college spirit.
To go to chapel.
Predestined by a kind fate.
Superior boarding accommodations.
Honor system employed in examinations.

Why 1901 is the Best Class Ever Graduated from Princeton:

Its members in future years will rule the world.
Contains few stars, but a high average of manhood.
First class of the century, and of everything else.

Miscellaneous Statistics

Officers of 1901

Freshman Year

President—G. M. Mattis.
Vice President—W. P. Seymour.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. D. Tilford.

Sophomore Year

President—DeW. V. Hutchings.
Vice President—Bert Ripley.
Secretary and Treasurer—C. R. Robbins.

Junior Year

President—J. W. Jameson.
Vice President—Calvin Fentress.
Secretary and Treasurer—W. E. Hope.

Senior Year

President—J. W. Jameson.
Vice President—A. V. Duncan.
Secretary and Treasurer—F. L. Janeway.

Junior Orator Appointments

WHIG	CLIO
W. A. Babson.	A. F. Eastman.
H. E. Gansworth.	F. W. Fort.
G. W. Kehr.	W. E. Hope.
R. P. Swofford.	H. E. Shaffer.

Junior Orator Medals

1st. W. A. Babson.
2d. A. F. Eastman.
3d. R. P. Swofford.
4th. W. E. Hope.

Washington's Birthday Debaters

Freshman Year—S. T. D. Jones.
Sophomore Year—R. P. Swofford.
Junior Year—W. E. Hope.
Senior Year—R. S. Steen.

Washington's Birthday Orators

Freshman Year—John Brewer.
Sophomore Year—DeW. V. Hutchings.
Junior Year—F. W. Fort.
Senior Year—C. G. Meinken.

Lynde Debate Appointments

WHIG.	CLIO
W. A. Babson.	F. W. Fort.
R. S. Steen.	W. E. Hope.
R. W. Sutton.	T. L. Thompson.

Hall Prize Men from 1901

WHIG HALL

Freshman Year

Class Debate—1st. J. Imbrie.
2d. L. J. Bachenheimer.
Speaking—1st. John Brewer.
2d. R. P. Swofford.
Essay { W. C. Meyers. R. P. Swofford. H. R. Wooden.

Sophomore Year

Class Debate—1st. H. R. Omwake.
2d. B. D. Johnson.
Oratory—1st. R. P. Swofford.
2d. L. J. Bachenheimer.
Essay—1st. A. G. Bartholomew.
2d. M. L. Harding.

Junior Year

Class Debate—1st. R. S. Steen.
2d. A. G. Bartholomew.
Extempore Speaking—1st. C. A. McClure.
2d. M. L. Harding.
Second Competitive Debate—1st. R. S. Steen.
Essay—1st. John Yates.
2d. H. R. Omwake.

Senior Year.

French Medallist—R. S. Steen.

CLIO HALL.

Freshman Year

Class Debate—1st. S. T. D. Jones.
2d. F. W. Fort.
Speaking—1st. H. E. Shaffer.
2d. W. E. Hope.
Soph.-Fresh. Extempore Speaking—
2d. H. L. Bowlby.
Essay—1st. R. Y. Williams.
2d. F. W. Fort.

Sophomore Year

Class Debate—1st. W. E. Hope.
2d. A. F. Eastman.
Oratory—1st. W. E. Hope.
2d. C. S. Gray.
Special Prize Debate—2d. W. E. Hope.
Essay—1st. A. F. Eastman.
2d. C. S. Gray.

Junior Year

Class Debate—1st. G. M. Russell.
2d. S. Williamson.
III Div. Special Prize Debate—1st. G. M. Russell.
Essay—1st. Elroy Headley.
2d. B. R. Terhune.

Senior Year

Oratory—1st. T. L. Thompson.
2d. Elroy Headley.
Essay—1st. Paul Mitchell.
2d. M. L. Weil.
Extempore Speaking—1st. W. E. Hope.
2d. T. L. Thompson.
General Prize Debate—1st. F. W. Fort.
II Div. Special Prize Debate—1st. T. L. Thompson.
I Div. Special Prize Debate—R. F. Pitcairn.

'Varsity Debaters

YALE DEBATER, JUNIOR YEAR

R. S. Steen.

YALE DEBATERS, SENIOR YEAR

W. E. Hope. R. S. Steen.

HARVARD DEBATERS, SENIOR YEAR

W. A. Babson. W. E. Hope.
R. S. Steen.

Spencer Trask Prizes for Debating

W. E. Hope. R. S. Steen.

Baird Prize Men

Baird Prize—R. P. Swofford.
Prize in Oratory—W. A. Babson.
Prize in Delivery—W. E. Hope.
Prize in Disputation—1st. R. S. Steen.
2d. F. W. Fort.
Prize in Poetry—R. S. Thompson.

First Honor Scholars

Freshman Year—A. H. Adams.
Junior Year—E. Glassmeyer.

Sophomore Special Honors

Greek—High Honors, A. G. Bartholomew, J. R. Crawford, Edward Glassmeyer, W. E. Hope, R. B. Petty. Honors, C. S. Gray, M. L. Harding, F. L. Janeway, Paul Mitchell, R. F. Pitcairn, C. R. Robbins, J. L. Rogers, J. B. Taylor, B. R. Terhune, H. N. White.

Latin—High Honors—E. Glassmeyer, W. E. Hope, H. R. Omwake. Honors, L. J. Bachenheimer, J. L. Baldwin, A. G. Bartholomew, W. M. Howell, B. R. Terhune.

Mathematics—High Honors, A. H. Adams, W. L. Breckenridge, C. E. S. Dietz, M. O. Edwards, A. D. Merrick. Honors, H. G. Dechant, Elroy Headley, C. A. McClure, W. C. Meyers, F. D. Miller, Paul Mitchell, Ralph Wentworth, E. J. Wilson, H. R. Wooden.

General Honors

FRESHMAN YEAR

First Group

A. H. Adams.
W. L. Breckenridge.
E. Glassmeyer.
W. E. Hope.
A. D. Merrick.
H. R. Omwake.
C. H. Wilson.

Second Group

L. J. Bachenheimer,
J. L. Baldwin,
A. G. Bartholomew,
J. R. Crawford,
M. O. Edwards,
C. S. Gray,
Elroy Headley,
W. M. Howell,
Paul Mitchell,
W. B. Mount,
R. B. Petty,
R. F. Pitcairn,
J. L. Rogers,
R. F. Swigart,
J. B. Taylor,
B. R. Terhune,
E. L. West,
H. N. White,
R. Y. Williams,
E. J. Wilson.

School of Science—B. S. Course

G. W. M. Maier,
W. S. Conrow,
G. D. Richards,
C. S. Hudson,
F. T. Root,
G. T. Beaham,
W. A. Babson,
A. D. Childs.

C. E. Course

W. G. Gamble.
R. M. Stauffen.
P. T. Bruyere.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

First Group

W. L. Breckenridge,
E. Glassmeyer,
W. E. Hope,
A. D. Merrick,
H. R. Omwake

Second Group

A. H. Adams,
J. L. Baldwin,
A. G. Bartholomew,
J. E. Crane,
C. E. S. Dietz,
R. S. Donaldson,
J. K. Mackie,
F. D. Miller,
Paul Mitchell,
W. B. Mount,
R. B. Petty,
J. L. Rogers,
A. F. Eastman,
M. O. Edwards,
C. S. Gray,
E. Headley,
C. A. McClure,
G. M. Russell,
J. B. Taylor,
R. Wentworth,
H. N. White,
E. J. Wilson.

School of Science—B. S. Course

First Group

G. W. M. Maier.
F. T. Root.

Second Group

R. L. Benson,
E. L. Bergland,
W. S. Conrow,
H. F. S. Frazer,
C. S. Hudson,
G. D. Richards.

C. E. Course

Second Group

L. O. Mellinger,
J. M. Hood,
P. T. Bruyere,
W. G. Gamble.

JUNIOR YEAR

First Group

W. L. Breckenridge,
E. Glassmeyer,
G. M. Russell.

Second Group

A. H. Adams,
L. J. Bachenheimer,
J. L. Baldwin,
A. G. Bartholomew,
E. J. Blake,
G. H. Boynton, Jr.,
L. R. Brokaw,
J. E. Crane,
H. G. Dechant,
C. E. S. Deitz,
R. S. Donaldson,
W. K. Dwight,
M. O. Edwards,
W. R. Gelston,
C. S. Gray,
M. L. Harding,
E. Headley,
W. E. Hope,
W. M. Howell,
D. V. Hutchings,
F. L. Janeway,
B. D. Johnson,
S. T. D. Jones,
C. S. Judd,
G. W. Kelly,
C. S. Lawton,
C. A. McClure,
J. K. Mackie,
A. D. Merrick,
W. C. Meyers,
A. M. Miller,
F. D. Miller,
H. R. Omwake,
R. B. Petty, Jr.,
W. F. Petty,
H. M. Reeve,
C. R. Robbins,
H. A. Smith,
R. F. Swigart,
J. B. Taylor,
B. R. Terhune,
M. L. Weil,
R. Wentworth,
H. N. White,
R. Y. Williams,
S. Williamson,
E. J. Wilson,
H. R. Wooden.

School of Science—B. S. Course

First Group

G. W. M. Maier.

Second Group

A. H. Bates,
G. T. Beaham,
R. L. Benson,
Paul Brokaw,
W. S. Conrow,
L. M. Dickinson,
S. W. Dodd,
H. F. S. Frazer,
C. S. Hudson,
P. C. Pumyea,
G. D. Richards.

C. E. Course

Second Group

G. H. V. Allen,
J. M. Hood, Jr.,
L. O. Mellinger,
Hugh Miller,
R. M. Stauffen.

Miscellaneous Prize Men

Alumni Entrance Prize in New York City—W. E. Hope.
Alumni Entrance Prize in Pittsburg—R. B. Petty.
Alumni Entrance Prize in Missouri—C. S. Glasgow.
Freshman First Honor Prize—A. H. Adams.
Sophomore Mathematical Prize—W. L. Breckenridge.
Class of 1870 Sophomore English Prize—W. E. Hope.
Francis Biddle Essay Prize—A. H. Adams.
Class of 1870 Junior English Prizes { Anglo-Saxon, E. Glassmeyer. / Eng. Literature, R. B. Petty.
Wanamaker English Prize—E. Glassmeyer.
Junior German Prizes—1st. E. Glassmeyer. 2d. C. E. S. Dietz.
Dickinson Prize—B. D. Johnson.
Class of 1876 Prize Debate—R. S. Steen.
Nassau Lit. Oratorical Prize—DeW. V. Hutchings.

Commencement Appointments

Latin Salutatory—Edward Glassmeyer.
Valedictory—Walter Ewing Hope.

Orators

Howard Rufus Omwake.
Merritt Lynde Harding.
William Arthur Babson.

Literary Boards

Nassau Lit. Editors

Ralph P. Swofford, Managing Editor; Carl S. Lawton, Business Manager; Arthur H. Adams, J. R. Crawford, Latta Griswold, Paul Mitchell, Howard R. Omwake.

Princetonian Editors from 1901

Walter Ewing Hope, Editor-in-Chief; DeWitt Vermilye Hutchings, Associate Editor; James W. Jameson, Business Manager; J. L. Baldwin, A. G. Bartholomew, V. H. Berghaus, Jr., F. L. Janeway, H. R. Omwake.

Princeton Alumni Weekly

Frank L. Janeway, Undergraduate Editor; John L. Rogers, Business Manager.

Nassau Herald Editors

H. E. Gansworth, John L. Rogers, J. L. Wellington, H. R. Wooden.

Bric-a-Brac Editors

Walter Ewing Hope, Editor-in-Chief; John Leete Rogers, Business Manager; Penryn Stanley Adamson, Wilford Seymour Conrow, Ora Fletcher Gardner, James Walker Jameson, Frank Latimer Janeway, Hugh Miller, Preston Knox Morrow, George Dickson Richards, Ralph Powell Swofford, John Louis Wellington, Robert Rudd Whiting, Stephen French Whitman.

Tiger Editors

Stephen F. Whitman, Managing Editor; George D. Richards, Art Editor; Rodman Schaff, Business Manager; Penryn S. Adamson, Wilford S. Conrow, Edwin B. Wilson.

Philadelphian Society

1901 Cabinet

F. L. Janeway, President; O. F. Gardner, General Secretary; H. A. Smith, Vice President; H. R. Omwake, Treasurer; G. H. Boynton, C. Fentress, J. L. Rogers, R. S. Steen, R. Y. Williams.

Monday Night Club, 1901

P. S. Adamson, A G. Bartholomew, C. Fentress, O. F. Gardner, W. E. Hope, J. W. Jameson, F. L. Janeway, H. A. Smith, R. S. Steen, R. P. Swofford, R. S. Thompson, H. R. Wooden.

Athletics

Football Officers from 1901

Junior Year—Alfred D. Childs, Assistant Manager.
Senior Year—Alfred D. Childs, Manager.

'Varsity Football Men from 1901

Duncan, Mattis, H. Little.

1901 Freshman Football Team

P. Jones, Noble	Ends.
Mattis, Hart	Tackles.
Schwartz, Rand	Guards.
Coyle	Centre.
Duncan, Homans	Quarters.
Gardner, Dugro, C. Jones	Half-backs.
Black	Full-back.

Baseball Officers from 1901

Junior Year—Francis J. Hall, Assistant Manager.
Senior Year—Francis J. Hall, Manager.

'Varsity Baseball Men from 1901

D. V. Hutchings.

1901 Freshman Baseball Team

Clausen, s.s. and Captain; Mattis, c.f.; Hamilton, 1b.; Braly, l.f.; Casselberry, 3b.; Duncan, 2b.; Williamson, r.f.; Robbins, c.; Priest, p. Substitutes, Harvey, Lay, Lane.

Track Officers from 1901

Junior Year—James W. Jameson, Assistant Manager.
Senior Year—James W. Jameson, Manager.

'Varsity Track Men from 1901

B. Ripley, G. T. Beaham.

Tennis Association Officers from 1901

Sophomore Year—Raymond D. Little, Secretary.
Junior Year—Raymond D. Little, Vice President.
Senior Year—Raymond D. Little, President.
John LeF. Brower, Vice President.

Members of Gym. Team from 1901

W. G. Gamble, M. W. Forney, C. Lyon, L. E. Katzenbach, Captain; John Aitken, Manager.

Winners of Prizes in Caledonian Games from 1901

May 14, 1898

120-yard Hurdle—Childs, third.
1-mile Walk—Coates, second.
High Jump—Ward, second.
Broad Jump—Von Krug, second.
Pole-vault—Katzenbach, second.
Casebolt, third.
1-mile Bicycle—Ripley, first.
Miller, second.

May 10, 1899

120-yard Hurdle—Childs, second.
440-yard Run—Willis, second.
Pole-vault—Forney, third.
Broad Jump—Von Krug, second.
1-mile Bicycle—Beaham, first.

May 16, 1900

100-yard Dash—Hyde, second.
440-yard Run—Willis second.
120-yard Hurdle—Childs, third.
220-yard Run—Kerr, second.
Willis, third.
16-lb. Shot-put—Miller, third.
Broad Jump—Von Krug, first.

May 13, 1901

880-yard Run—Willis, first.
120-yard Hurdle—Childs, first.
1-mile Run—H. Lyon, fourth.
220-yard Hurdle—Childs, third.
2-mile Run—Mount, fourth.
Broad Jump—Von Krug, third.
16-lb. Shot-put—Miller, fourth.

Winners in Cane Spree from 1901

Freshman Year

Light-weight . . . . . J. L. Brower.

Sophomore Year

Light-weight . . . . . E. Y. Clausen (tie).
Middle-weight . . . . . C. F. Harvey.

Winners in Wrestling from 1901

Freshman Year

Heavy-weight . . . . . Schwartz.

Sophomore Year

Light-weight . . . . . Granger.
Heavy-weight . . . . . Mattis.

Musical Organizations

Manager, W. Schuyler Smith.

1901 Men on University Glee Club

O. K. Badgley, leader; Marr, Hunter, Miller, Willis, Lane, Thompson, Vredenburg, Coolbaugh, Bunting.

1901 Men on University Banjo Club

Lay, Larabie, Cornell, Saylor, Vondermuhl, H. A. Smith.

1901 Men on University Mandolin Club

L. E. Katzenbach, leader; Badgley, Matthews, Larabie, Wellington, Parsons, Vondermuhl.

1901 Freshman Glee Club

R. S. Thompson, leader.

FIRST TENORS

Bruyere, Bunting, H. Carter, Hunter.

SECOND TENORS

E. L. Crawford, H. Miller, Thompson, H. E. Shaffer, Swift, Kinne,

FIRST BASSOS

Armstrong, Lawton, Marr, Shepley, Vance.

SECOND BASSOS

Badgley, Bates, Coolbaugh, B. D. Johnson, Ward.

1901 Freshman Banjo Club

H. M. Saylor, leader.

BANJEAURINES

Saylor, Cornell, W. S. Smith, H. A. Smith.

BANJO

R. Johnson.

PICCOLO BANJO

Lay.

GUITARS

Parsons, Gartner, Taylor.

Mandolin Club

J. L. Wellington, leader.

MANDOLINS

Katzenbach, Matthews, Gelston, Frazer, Mitchell, Rose, Wellington.

VIOLINS

Richards, Hawkins.

CORNET

Parsons.

GUITARS

Parsons, Gartner, Taylor.

Members of Triangle Club from 1901

Harold A. Watres, President; Howard Homans, Manager; Ralph P. Swofford, R. Whiting, H. M. Saylor, L. J. Matthews, C. S. Lawton, R. S. Thompson, G. W. Yuengling, N. B. Armstrong, R. S. Parsons, O. K. Badgley, A. E. Vondermuhl, J. S. Kinne, R. G. Porter, M. S. Huey.

Ex-Members

Class 1901

Ex-Members of the Class of 1901

(*a*) Academic. (*b*) Scientific. (*c*) Special.

NAME.	PRESENT ADDRESS.	Entered.	Left.	OCCUPATION.
W. E. Allen (*a*)	Blairstown, N. J.	'97	'98	General mechanic.
S. A. Barton (*a*)	Princeton, N. J.	'97	'97	Princeton, 1902.
P. A. Bissell (*b*)	St. Thomas, Ont., Box 365	'97	'99	
A. S. T. Blauvelt (*a*)	Roselle, N. J.	'97	'99	Reader of books—Philosopher.
D. B. Blossom (*b*)	St. Louis, Mo.	'97	'99	Princeton, 1902.
I. F. Boyd (*a*)	St. Louis, Mo., 514 Olive St.	'97	'99	Retail business.
H. H. Braly (*b*)	Los Angeles, Cal.	'97	'98	Univ. of California.
W. A. Brown (*a*)	Greencastle, Pa.	'97	'98	U. of P. Medical School, 1902.
T. N. Bunting (*b*)	Hamburg, N. Y.	'97	'99	Princeton, 1902.
C. L. Burke (*b*)	Princeton, N. J., 89 Mercer St.	'97	'99	Clerk in bank in N. Y.
A. Bushnell, Jr. (*a*)	Philadelphia, 4 N. 13th St.	'97	'98	Solicitor and sales agent.
R. G. Carew (*b*)	Cincinnati, Ohio	'97	'98	
G. H. Casselberry (*a*)	Pittsburg, Pa.	'97	'99	With Drake & Stratton Co., Contrs.
H. M. Chandler (*a*)	South Orange, N. J.	'97	'99	Albany Medical College.
R. G. Coolbaugh (*a*)	Easton, Pa.	'97	'99	Student Cornell Univ.
T. O. Cowdrey (*b*)	Pittsburg, Pa., Anderson Ave.	'97	'99	
L. Coyle (*b*)	Manila, P. I.	'97	'98	Corporal, Co. H, 20th U. S. Infantry.
R. O. Drake (*c*)	Philadelphia, 2121 N. 8th St.	'99	'00	Business.
C. H. Dugro (*a*)	Princeton, N. J.	'97	'98	Princeton, 1903.
G. K. Erben (*b*)	East Aurora, N. Y.	'97	'01	Civil Engineer with Penna. R. R.
W. E. Faithorn (*b*)	Chicago, Ill., Lakota Hotel	'97	'97	Sheffield S. S., Yale Univ.

M. W. Forney (*b*)	Brooklyn, N. Y., 450 Bedford Ave.	'98	'01	Princeton, 1902.
J. A. Frazer (*b*)	Monterey, Mexico	'98	'99	Ore smelting, gold and silver.
L. I. Gartner (*b*)	New York City, 1 W. 94th St.	'97	'99	Merchant.
E. J. Gay (*b*)	Plaquemine, La.	'97	'98	
G. M. Gillette (*b*)	Cumberland, Md.	'97	'99	With George's Creek & Cum'd R. R.
C. L. Glasgow (*a*)	St. Louis, Mo. 2847 Washington Av.	'97	'98	Student Mech. Eng., Cornell Univ.
P. R. Grace (*b*)	Malling, Kent, Engl., Leybourne Gr.	'97	'98	Student Naval Arch. Univ. Glasgow.
A. W. Granger (*b*)	Cincinnati, Ohio, Grand Hotel	'97	'00	Treas. The A. G. Corre Hotel Co.
H. D. Gulick (*a*)	New York City	'97	'98	
W. B. Halsey (*b*)				
B. Hart (*b*)	Morristown, N. J.	'97	'98	
C. F. Harvey (*c*)	Ithaca, N. Y., 603 E. Seneca St.	'97	'00	'02 M. E. Course, Cornell Univ.
J. G. Harvey (*b*)	Detroit, Mich., 51 Winter St.	'97	'98	Student Med. Dept., Univ. of Mich.
W. M. Hitchman (*a*)	Mt. Pleasant, Pa.	'97	'99	Varied.
P. C. Hudson (*c*)	Covington, Ky.	'97	'99	
F. De K. Huyler (*a*)	New York City, 8 W. 72d St.	'97	'99	Secretary and Treasurer Huyler's.
F. C. Irish (*b*)	Pittsburg, Pa., 6906 Penn Ave.	'97	'98	With Real Estate Trust Co. of Pbg.
R. Johnson (*a*)	Sing Sing, N. Y.	'97	'98	Business.
C. D. Jones (*b*)	Monroe, Orange Co., N. Y.	'97	'98	Superintendent.
G. W. Kehr (*a*)				
R. C. Kline (*b*)	Baltimore, Md.	'97	'98	Princeton, 1902.
A. McG. Lane (*b*)	Hagerstown, Md.	'97	'98	Special Agt. Aetna Life Ins. Co.
H. R. Lay (*b*)	Washington	'97	'99	Marine Service.
R. A. Lemcke (*b*)	Indianapolis, Ind.	'97	'98	
W. W. McAdams (*a*)	Mount Pleasant, Pa.	'97	'98	Student W. & J. College.
A. G. MacConnell (*b*)	Pittsburg, Pa, Winebiddle Ave.	'97	'98	Real estate business.
W. T. MacIntyre (*a*)	Princeton, N. J.	'97	'97	Princeton, 1902.
C. V. McKaig (*b*)	Medora, N. D.	97	'00	Stock raising, Custer Trail Ranch.
E. G. MacKenzie (*a*)	Trenton, N. J., 525 E. State St.	'97	'99	Student medicine, U. of Penna.
J. McLean (*b*)	New York City, 126 W. 57th St.	'97	'99	Travelling for health.
D. W. Marvin (*a*)	Asbury Park, N. J.	'97	'98	Williams, 1901.
S. B. Mason (*c*)	Frankfort, Ky.	'97	'99	
A. Messiter (*a*)	Brooklyn, N. Y., 420 Third Ave.	'97	'99	Wholesale dry goods business.
W. M. Miles (*a*)	Union City, Tenn. (Little Rock, Ark., after Sept. 1.)	'97	'99	Lawyer.

Ex-Members of the Class of 1901—Continued

NAME.	PRESENT ADDRESS.	Entered.	Left.	OCCUPATION.
B. B. Mitchell (*b*)	Troy, Bradford Co., Pa.	'97	'99	General insurance business.
P. Mitchell (*a*)	Louisville, Ky.	'97	'01	
R. S. Mitchell (*b*)	Asbury Park, N. J.	'98	'98	
R. Monks (*c*)	New York City	'98	'98	
W. C. Nichols (*b*)	New York City, 2005 Madison Ave.	'97	'00	Salesman for A. S. Nichols.
P. G. Olds (*a*)	Fort Wayne, Ind.	'97	'98	Contractor.
Arthur Pasfield (*b*)	Kansas City, Mo.	'97	'98	Real estate and loan business.
W. T. J. Pearson (*b*)	Brooklyn, N. Y., 39 Seventh Ave.	'97	'99	Wholesale linen business.
W. McK. Peebles (*b*)	Pittsburg, Pa., Richland Lane	'97	'99	Shipper Atlantic Refining Co.
E. F. Phelan, Jr. (*a*)	Summit, N. J.	'97	'99	
W. S. Poindexter (*a*)	Nashville, Tenn., Box 413	'97	'99	Wholesale grain business.
G. T. Priest (*a*)	St. Louis, Mo., 4320 Westminster Pl.	'97	'99	Princeton, 1902.
R. C. Reading (*a*)	Williamsport, Pa.	'97	'98	
F. F. Reichner (*a*)	Philadelphia, 3455 Walnut St.	'97	'98	Stock broker.
P. S. Rice (*b*)	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	'97	'98	
E. C. Riebe (*c*)	Paris, France	'98	'00	Student, Univ. Leipsic.
H. Robinson (*a*)	Kansas City, Mo.	'97	'97	
F. T. Root (*b*)	East Orange, 100 Harrison St.	'97	'99	Student, Mass. Inst. Tech.
P. S. Ross (*b*)	Elberon, N. J.	'97	'98	Contracting engineer.
H. Schwartz (*b*)	Baltimore, Md., 1321 Cathedral St.	'97	'98	With Townsend Scott & Son, Bkrs.
W. P. Seymour (*b*)	Germantown, Pa.	'97	'98	
S. H. Shepley (*a*)	Blairsville, Pa.	'97	'99	Registered pharmacist.
J. N. Steele, Jr. (*a*)	New York City, 15 W. 18th St.	'97	'97	

W. H. Swift, Jr. (*a*)	Amherst, Mass.	'97	'98	Amherst, 1902.
G. H. Taylor, Jr. (*a*)	Denver, Col., 1655 Sherman Ave.	'97	'98	Princeton, 1902.
C. C. Tennant (*b*)	Richmond, Va.	'97	'97	
R. C. Thomas (*b*)	Baltimore, Md., 9 E. Chase St.	'97	'98	About to leave for ranch in Wyo'g.
J. D. Tilford (*c*)	1st U. S. Cavalry, Manilla, P. I.	'97	'99	2d Lieut.
W. McC. Vance (*a*)	Wheeling, W. Va.	'97	'98	Pottery business.
Peter Vredenburg (*a*)	Freehold, N. J.	'97	'97	Stock broker.
L. Wallace (*a*)	New York City, 30 W. 75th St.	'97	'98	Confidential clerk.
W. R. Ward (*a*)	Hackensack, N. J.	'97	'98	Princeton, 1902.
R. R. Whiting (*b*)	Zürich, Switzerl'd, care Fierz Bros.	'97	'99	Pen pusher.
G. B. Whitmore (*b*)	Mount Vernon, N. Y.	'97	'99	Student of medicine, U. of P.
P. E. Wilkes (*b*)	Trenton, N. J.	'97	'97	
S. G. Wilson (*a*)	St. Louis, Mo.	'97	'99	

E.B.W. '01

Brooks Brothers

Makers of Fine

Clothing

IN NEW YORK CITY FOR OVER

EIGHTY YEARS

ALL correct styles found anywhere else, many found nowhere else, in Clothing, Furnishings, Travelling Articles, etc.

Flannels for Tennis, Golf and all outing purposes. Equipments for Riding, Polo or the Hunt. Uniform and informal dress for Yachting.

Separate Norfolk and Chester Jackets for lounging purposes.

Rain-proof Long Coats made from specially prepared tweeds and coverts. Exclusive materials and our own make.

Leather and Wicker Goods and all accessories for various sports.

These are simply selections. Our booklets cover all and illustrate much. Separate editions for Clothing and Furnishing, Liveries and Golf.

BROADWAY, CORNER 22d STREET

NEW YORK CITY

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PRINCETON, N. J.

HAS SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR HANDLING

STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS

And is Handy—Directly Opposite Nassau Hall

THE ONLY

NATIONAL BANK

IN PRINCETON

MELHUISH & GOLDEN

1004 Walnut Street

Importing Tailors

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

'PHONE 3-54-97Y

REPRESENTING

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
The Phenix Insurance Co.
The Continental Insurance Co.
The Standard Fire Insurance Co.
The Westchester Fire Insurance Co.
The Queen of America
The Sun Insurance Office.
The London and Lancashire.
The Phœnix Assurance Co. of London.
The Manchester of England.
Plate Glass Co.
Niagara Fire Insurance Co.
Germania Fire Insurance Co.
North British and Mercantile.

J. W. Fielder, Jr.

REAL ESTATE

..AND..

INSURANCE

Great care taken in all insurance matters. Real estate bought, sold or rented

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK

Assets, $325,253,152.51 Investment policies a specialty

Central Accident Insurance Co.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Fidelity and Casualty Co.

OF NEW YORK

Office—PYNE BUILDING—78 Nassau St.

PRINCETON, N. J.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE 1013

La Valla, Deerin, Cooney Co.

(INCORPORATED)

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

817-819 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

DEPARTMENTS

Men's and Youths' Ready-to-Wear Clothing. Custom Department,
Hat Department. Shoe Department,
Furnishing Department. Also, Dress Suits to Hire.

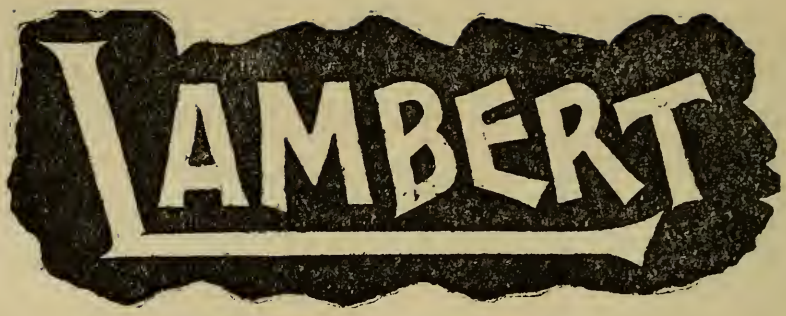
A special feature in our business is catering to COLLEGE STUDENTS' wants in above lines.

All the Newest and Nobbiest in Woolens, Furnishings, Shoes and Hats, will be found here.

Write or phone our mail order department for samples or anything in our lines. Prompt attention given to all matters.

LA VALLA, DEERIN, COONEY CO.

NEWARK, N. J.



Clothier and Men's Outfitter

39 and 41 CORTLANDT STREET

NEW YORK

Also at New Haven, Conn.

DREKA

Fine Stationery and Engraving House

1121 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

COLLEGE INVITATIONS, STATIONERY, PROGRAMMES, BANQUET MENUS, FRATERNITY ENGRAVING, WEDDING INVITATIONS, RECEPTION CARDS, MONOGRAM AND ADDRESS DIES, VISITING CARDS

Heraldry *and* Genealogy : : : :

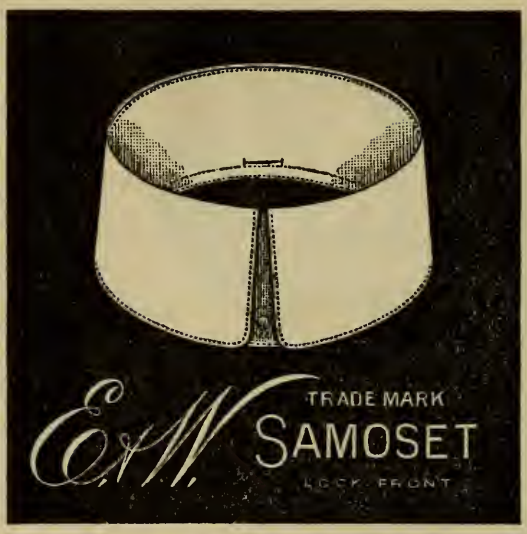
Coats of Arms Painted for Framing

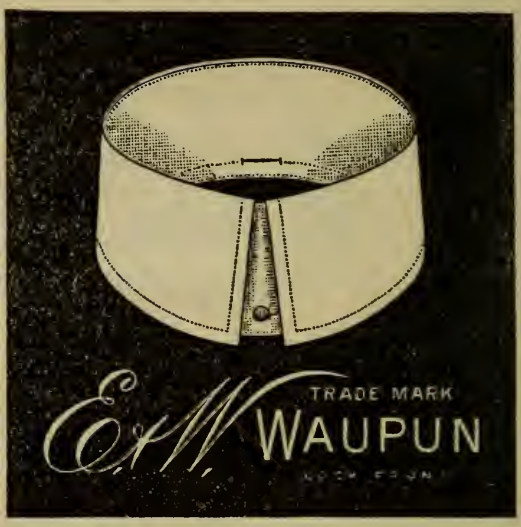
STURTEVANT HOUSE

WILLIAM F. BANG, Proprietor.

EUROPEAN PLAN. $1.00 PER DAY AND UPWARD. MOST CENTRAL IN THE CITY. NEAR ALL ELEVATED ROADS, STREET CAR LINES, PRINCIPAL PLACES OF AMUSEMENT, BUSINESS CENTRES AND THE LARGE RETAIL STORES. BROADWAY CABLE CARS PASSING THE DOOR TRANSFER TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. NEWLY RENOVATED THROUGHOUT.

Broadway, 28th and 29th Streets, New York





Trade E. & W. Mark.

JACOB REED'S SONS

1412-1414 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA

MERCHANT TAILORING

Men's, Young Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing Ready to Wear

FURNISHING GOODS

OUTFITTINGS
ATHLETIC WEAR
HATS AND CAPS

EXTENSIVE VARIETY OF BEST THINGS

PRICES INVARIABLY RIGHT

The Study of Science

Is fascinating to all those who engage in it. All students are naturally enthusiastic on the subject, and eagerly read whatever literature concerning it that they can secure. In the Library and **Scientific American** they have an up-to-date Book of Reference on all scientific subjects. It is a weekly publication devoted to the interests of scientists, engineers, mechanics, electricians, manufacturers, inventors, chemists, students, &c., and contains educational information even for those who are far advanced in the various sciences. No other publication in the world gives so much authentic information for all classes. It is the world's standard authority on all matters pertaining to science. $3.00 yearly, $1.50 half yearly, $1.00 for four months. ☞ *Send Check, Draft, Postal Order, or Express Money Order to*

MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York City

VICTOR J. PETRY

FORMERLY
Petry & Bazin

Interior Decorator

DESIGNER, PRODUCER AND IMPORTER OF EXCLUSIVE FABRICS AND FURNITURE ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ CORRECT AS TO DETAIL AND PERIOD

1205 Walnut Street PHILADELPHIA

References: The Princeton Alumni of Philadelphia

WABASH RAILROAD

"LACKAWANNA LIMITED"

Leave New York (Barclay or Christopher St.)		**10:00 A.M.**
Arrives Detroit	next day	1:55 A.M.
" Chicago	"	10:50 A.M.
" St. Louis	"	2:00 P.M.
" Kansas City	"	9:30 P.M.

FAMOUS "CONTINENTAL LIMITED"

Leaves New York (Foot Franklin St.)		**2:25 P.M.**
" " (Foot W. 42d St.)		**2:45 P.M.**
Arrives Detroit	next day	7:30 A.M.
" Chicago	"	4:20 P.M.
" St. Louis	"	7:15 P.M.
" Kansas City	(second morning)	7:00 A.M.

"CHICAGO LIMITED"

Leaves New York (Foot Franklin St.)		5:40 P.M.
" " (Foot W. 42d St.)		6:00 P.M.
Arrives Detroit	next day	2:05 P.M.
" Chicago	"	9:30 P.M.
" St. Louis	(second morning)	7:15 A.M.

Also through Vestibuled Trains leaving 1:00, 8:00 and 9:20 P.M. Daily.

FOUR TRAINS DAILY FROM

BUFFALO TO THE WEST.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS.
PALACE SLEEPING-CARS.
RECLINING-CHAIR CARS (Seats Free).
DINING-CAR SERVICE
(Table d'Hote and à la Carte).

THE WABASH RAILROAD HAS BEEN FOR YEARS NOTED FOR THE EXCELLENT MANNER IN WHICH IT HAS HANDLED PARTIES OF STUDENTS RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES IN THE WEST DURING VACATION AND HOLIDAYS.

FOR INFORMATION IN REGARD TO RATES, RESERVATION OF SLEEPING-CAR ACCOMMODATION, ETC., APPLY TO

H. B. McCLELLAN, Gen. Eastern Agent,

387 Broadway, New York.

J. RAMSEY, Jr., Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr. C. S. CRANE, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
ST. LOUIS, MO.

For Stationery
Invitations
Visiting Cards
Menus

Write to the

Williams & Wilkins Company

6 South Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

MAKERS OF THE MOST REFINED AND UP-TO-DATE PRINTED AND ENGRAVED WORK IN THE COUNTRY

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF BOOK PRINTING AND BOOK BINDING

NEW EDITION

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

New Plates Throughout.

25,000 ADDITIONAL WORDS

Phrases and Definitions

Prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, assisted by a large corps of competent specialists and editors.

Rich Bindings. 2364 Pages. 5000 Illustrations.

BETTER THAN EVER FOR GENERAL USE

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with Glossary of Scottish Words and Phrases.

"First class in quality, second class in size."
NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.

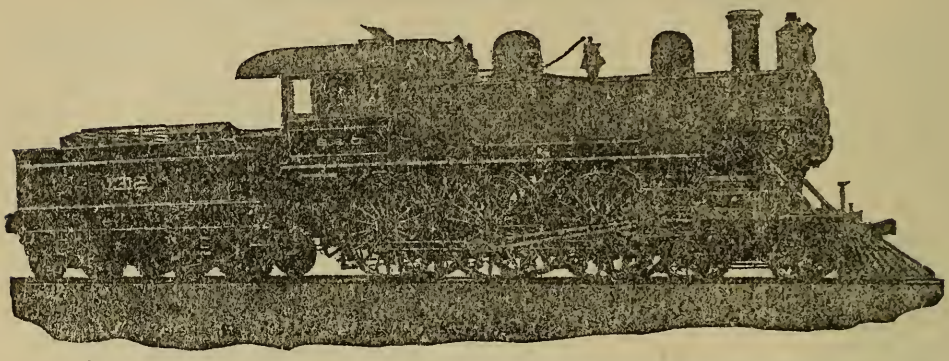
G. & C. Merriam Co. Springfield, Mass.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

ESTABLISHED 1831. ANNUAL CAPACITY, 1,200.

Baldwin Locomotive Works.

SINGLE EXPANSION AND COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVES.



Broad and Narrow Gauge Locomotives; Mine and Furnace Locomotives; Compressed Air Locomotives; Tramway Locomotives; Plantation Locomotives; Oil Burning Locomotives.

Electric Locomotives with Westinghouse Motors.
Electric Car Trucks with or without Motors.

All important parts made accurately to gauges and templates, after standard designs or to railroad companies' drawings. Like parts of different locomotives of same class perfectly interchangeable.

(CABLE ADDRESS, BALDWIN, PHILADELPHIA).

BURNHAM, WILLIAMS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

OUR HOUSE HAS STOOD THE WEAR OF TIME AND TASTE, AND TO-DAY WE ARE CONSIDERED WORTHY OF THE FULLEST PATRONAGE, AS WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION TO OUR PATRONS . . . . . .

SO, TO PRINCETON MEN ABOUT TO GRADUATE, WE SOLICIT THE CONTINUANCE OF YOUR TRADE AND WILL TRY TO CONTINUE TO SATISFY YOU

Wanamaker & Brown

Tailors, Clothiers and Furnishers

TO THE PRINCETON UNDERGRADUATE BODY WE WOULD ONLY SAY . . . . . .

TRY US

WANAMAKER & BROWN
Sixth and Market Sts.
Philadelphia

The Princeton Bank.

1834-1901.

STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS RECEIVE CAREFUL AND COURTEOUS ATTENTION.

CAPITAL AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $150,000.00.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 TO 3; SATURDAY, 9 TO 12.

FULL LINE OF PHOTO SUPPLIES. PRINTING AND DEVELOPING OF AMATEUR WORK.

Edward C. Kopp,

Nassau Hotel Block, Princeton, N. J.

WHEELS SOLD, RENTED, AND REPAIRED.

CARROL & CO.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Notions, Carpetings, and Gents' Furnishings.

OPP. UNIVERSITY HALL.

Voorhees & Polhemus,

WEST END

GROCERS.

No. 4 Nassau Street.

PHONE NO. 5.

William C. C. Zapf,

2 NASSAU ST.,

Printing.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED AND REPAIRED

Students' Patronage Desired.

Something New in Photography

25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

Cabinet pictures can be sent by mail, and enclose twenty-five cents in silver or postal note and two-cent stamp for return mailing, and we guarantee to return to you **One Dozen Miniature Photos** and the picture you send, in one week from date of receiving, that will give perfect satisfaction in every respect.

F. J. WALSH,

120 PERRY STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

L. H. JOHNSON,

METROPOLITAN DECORATOR,

11 S. Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

Flags, Buntings, Flowers and Plants. Porches enclosed with canvas and canopy for weddings and parties.

Toilet Paper

Our Family Case containing

One Year's Supply

for the average family on receipt of

One Dollar

delivered FREE at any express office in the United States

Sample sheets and unique booklet sent on request

A. P. W. PAPER CO.

12 Colonie St., Albany, N. Y.

MONEY LOANED.

LICENSED PAWNBROKER.

Money loaned on WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, and all personal property. ALL BUSINESS strictly confidential.

FINKELSTEIN & KRUEGER,

One block down Warren from State Street.

11 East Front Street, TRENTON, N. J.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT.

EUGENE L. SCUDDER,

DEALER IN

New and Second-Hand Clothing, Carpets, Rugs, Furniture,

9 BAKER STREET, rear Upper Pyne.

My New Store on Baker Street, a few doors below No. 9, will be open in September.

MOULDINGS, PLATE AND STEIN RAILS.
FULL LINE OF
HANGINGS AND DECORATIONS.

D. S. LLOYD,

Painter *and* Decorator,

SIGN WRITER.

...9 NASSAU STREET...

PRINCETON, N. J.

William L. Briner,

(Graduate N. Y. College of Pharmacy),

Druggist

AND

Pharmacist,

44 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

William M. Leigh,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

CLOTHING,

MEN'S FURNISHINGS,

&C.

64 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

MARSH & BURKE,

30 NASSAU STREET,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

And Dealers in Perfumery, Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, Fancy Articles, Window and Picture Glass, Looking-glass Plate, &c.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.

THE CONTINUED PATRONAGE OF STUDENTS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY SOLICITED.

C. A. WAITE,

MILLINERY
AND
FURNISHING GOODS,

70 Nassau Street,
Princeton, N. J.

UNIVERSITY RIBBONS.

UPHOLSTERING AND ...
... FURNITURE REPAIRING
WINDOW SEATS MADE TO ORDER

Frank L. Krespach

COR. NASSAU ST.
AND UNIVERSITY PLACE

ESTABLISHED 1867

ADAM G. DOHM

MAKES A SPECIALTY OF BREAD, CAKES, ICE CREAM, &C., FOR CLUBS

Nassau Street

OPP. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Clayton's Pharmacy . . . .

86 Nassau Street
Opposite the University
PRINCETON, N. J.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
FIRST CLASS WORK

D. RICHARD

UNIVERSITY SHOEMAKER
4 Witherspoon Street

Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed
...SHOES MADE TO ORDER...

LEIGH & COOK

SELL

Kennedy's Crackers and Cakes, Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolates and a full line of Fancy Groceries

NASSAU HOTEL BLOCK
Princeton, N. J.

A. Y. STRYKER,

Practical Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter

JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.

No. 10 John Street, Princeton, N. J.

WM. W. MERSHON

Cabinet Making
Furniture Repairing
Window Seats and Cushions

FURNITURE AND PICTURE PACKING
A SPECIALTY

11 and 13 John St., Princeton, N. J.

MYRON E. LAVAKE

Jeweler and
Optician ....

CUT GLASS AND GORHAM SILVER
UNIVERSITY SOUVENIRS

72 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.

Richard Rowland

Fine Stationery
Blank Books, &c.
Artists' Materials
Fancy Articles

UPPER PYNE BUILDING
74 Nassau Street

The PRINCETON PRESS

C. S. Robinson & Co.

University Printers

PRINCETON, N. J.

R. B. TYRRELL . .

successor to
JESSE SNOOK

Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars and Cigarettes

114 NASSAU STREET
Princeton

1901 MEN

The Signal Enterprise

Edited by H. E. SHAFFER, '01

will inform you of all events of importance that occur in the University and town for $1.00 a year.

We publish weekly a University Calendar which will keep you posted on all that is transpiring in your *Alma Mater*. Subscribe for it and keep in touch with Princeton.

AGENTS WANTED.

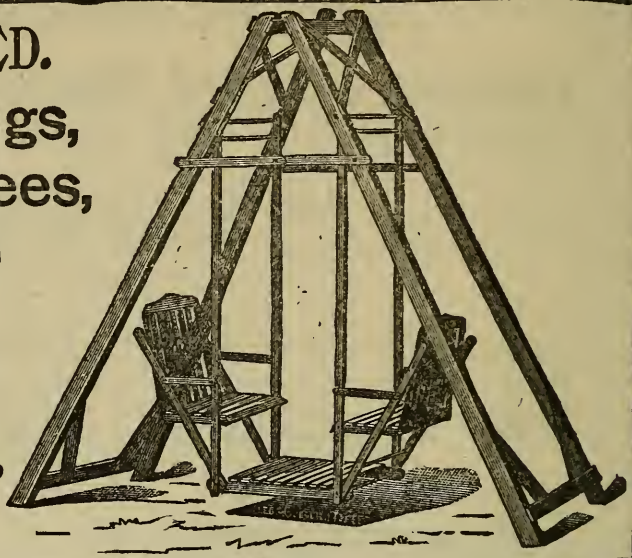
Lawn Swings,
Lawn Settees,
Hammock Chairs, Etc.

Exclusive territory given.

Write for prices and other information to

Clearfield Wooden-Ware Co.,

CLEARFIELD, PA.



HORSMAN'S
Celebrated
TENNIS · GOLF ·
AND
ATHLETIC GOODS.

THE "TUXEDO EXPERT"
AND "PRINCETON SPECIAL"
ARE THE TOP-NOTCH RACKETS
FOR 1901.

GOLFERS WHO WANT THE
BEST CLUBS OBTAINABLE
SHOULD USE THE
"HORSMAN"

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

E. I. HORSMAN.
380 BROADWAY.
NEW YORK.

RENWICK'S
THE COLLEGIANS' RESTAURANT

First-class Meals served a la Carte.
All kinds of Fish and Game in season.
Lunches, Birthday Parties, Etc.

84 NASSAU STREET PRINCETON N. J.

A Good Smoke Guaranteed by patronizing

C. C. SKIRM,

DEALER IN

Imported and Domestic Cigars

ALSO IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
BRIAR AND MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

68 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

Tiger Billiard Parlor.

NINE TABLES.

126 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.

Tables sold, rented and exchanged.
Full line of all kinds of cues.
Recovering and repairing of tables a specialty.

E. R. BRANCH, Proprietor.

. . J. R. DRAKE . .

University
Stationery and
Note Books.

OPPOSITE MAIN ENTRANCE TO
COLLEGE.

The Leading Dealers in

SHOES
AND HATS,

J. F. KELTY & CO.

82 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.

Princeton Meat and Provision Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Meats

POULTRY, TENDERLOINS,
ROLLS AND JERSEY LARD.

102 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

JUN 12 1901

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 028 333 683 9